

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. I.—No. 7 [REGISTERED AT THE G. P. O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1897.

[PRICE SIXPENCE BY POST 6d.]



Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

Dublin.

THE EAST ANTRIM DRAG-HOUNDS.



Photo. by James Boyd, Larne.

AT THE FOOT OF MOUNTHILL.

Copyr. ht.

WITH THE QUORN.

HUNTING was, after the frost and floods, resumed on Thursday in last week, Lord Lonsdale having delayed recommencing on account of the state of the ground. Earlier in the week, in most of the low-lying districts, the floods had been severe; but they subsided as quickly as they rose, which is saying a good deal. If the weather now remains open, a brilliant finish to a season well begun may confidently be expected. The meet was on the lawn at Scraftoft Hall, where Captain and Mrs. Burns Hartopp welcomed all comers. Firr, the whips, horses, and hounds were looking very fit, and only required a good fox and good scent to show that they were quite up to their old form. There was a large and representative field, amongst whom, besides Lord Lonsdale, were the Hon. Launcelot Lowther, the Duke of Marlborough, the Viscountess Curzon, Mr. G. and Lady Angela Forbes, Sir Henry and Lady Meysey-Thompson, Lord Henry Paulet, Lady Gerard, the Earl of Essex, Captain and Lady Sarah Wilson, Captain the Hon. Henry Molyneux, the Baron and Baroness Max de Tuyll, Colonel and Mrs. Cholmondeley, Miss Naylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lawson, Messrs. Harry Milner, Hedworth Barclay, C. B. Wilson, Laycock, Gavin Hamilton, Arthur Coventry, B. Sheriffe, Foskin, Hugh Owen, and a host of others.

Scraftoft Gorse was the covert for the first draw, in which a fox was found, but, being shy, he took great persuasion to make him break. At last, however, he did so, and on the Keyham side. He ran down to the village, and then doubled back to the Long Spinney, trying hard to get to the Gorse. But his efforts in that direction were frustrated by the carriage people, so he changed direction and went in good form right along the spinney, nearly to Thornby Station. Here he contrived to elude his pursuers, and found shelter once more in the Gorse; but not for long, for hounds soon told him that this was not good enough, and drove him into the open; this time on the Billesdon side. He started as if making for Billesdon Coplow, but suddenly bore right across for Thornby Gorse. Leaving Houghton village he led us at a rare pace to Stoughton, where a long and, to some, a very welcome check took place. At last Firr got his hounds on to a somewhat faint trail, and they hunted by fits and starts for some time. But the fox was a good dodger, and intent on saving his brush, a feat he in the end contrived to accomplish. Nor can it be denied that he had well earned his safety, for hounds had been after him for quite two and a-half hours.

On the following day—Friday—the meet was at Brooksby Hall, the hunting-box of Captain and Lady Sarah Wilson.

Sport, to start with, might have been worse, considering the yelling and halloaing of the foot-people and the amount of foxes on foot. The first fox was found in Brooksby Spinney, and went away at the top end, straight for the turnpike road. This he crossed, running down the valley as if for Frisby, but, changing his mind, suddenly bore to the left past Rotherby village.

Reynard evidently thought it too cold for a bath, for he declined the river and came back past our meeting-place, back to the spinney, where the beauties made short work of him, the earths having been stopped. After trying the other spinnies, which all proved blank, a move was made for Cream Gorse, where the ever-welcome music was soon heard, and a real straightgoer was persuaded to show us the way.

His motto was evidently "catch me if you can," for he went straight away for Ashby pastures, on to Thorpe Trussells, where, after a little hustling about, he was viewed away on the Dalby side. Luck was with us here, for he made back again to the pastures. Hounds were soon on the line, and ran him hard for old Guadeloupe, but he here turned to the right, and somehow managed to give us the slip in a field below Burton village. After casting about for some little time without result, the order was given for Gartree Hill, where we went after lunch and change of horses. There again we had not a long wait, for music was soon heard in the covert, as also Firr's voice, cheering his beauties on. All at once, the holloa, "Gone away!" was heard on the Burton side, and the fox was viewed slipping along at a fair pace. Hounds were soon on the line, and a general stampede amongst the horsemen showed that everyone was intent on getting a good start. But all at once the fox changed his course and turned for Great Dalby village, where, between this and the covert just left, a funny thing occurred. Foxes were changed, for the run fox (the one lost at Burton), jumped up in full view of the hounds, and was afterwards run nearly to Sir Francis's cover, round again to Adam's Gorse, on to Burrough Hill to the Punchbowl, where he escaped—how, no one knows. After every jump we expected to see him pulled over, but he was a knowing animal and made of good stuff, and lives, it is to be hoped, to give many another good run. We then jogged back to Adam's Gorse, where several foxes were soon afoot, where, strange to relate, the one chosen was the one which we had started from Gartree with. He had evidently thought he had shelter and a happy night before him, but, as it was, his minutes were numbered, for though draggled he ran a good pace to Little Dalby, where, after ringing round twice, hounds pulled him down on the lawn of the Hall.

CHASSEUR.

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>Lady Beatrice Butler</i>	171
<i>At the Foot of Mounthill; East Antrim Drag-Hounds</i>	172
<i>A Meet at Wilden; the Oakley Hounds</i>	177
<i>A Village Green</i>	177
<i>At Brooksbury Hall; the Quorn Hounds</i>	177
<i>Asfordby Hall</i>	178
<i>The Master and Tom Furr; Lord Ions tale on White Cap</i>	178
<i>Coming Through the Village</i>	179
<i>The Course at Littleport; Fen Skating</i>	179
<i>Cold and Still; Snow Scenes</i>	180
<i>The Tunnel Road, Reigate</i>	181
<i>The Queen's Kennels at Windsor</i>	182
<i>Brontley II. and Sharp</i>	182
<i>Sasha</i>	183
<i>Linda and Beppo</i>	183
<i>Ruffo and Beldia</i>	183
<i>Diana of Aldivalloch</i>	184
<i>Snowball</i>	184
<i>The Terrace; Stoneleigh Abbey</i>	186
<i>Stoneleigh Abbey</i>	187
<i>The Garden Gates</i>	188
<i>The Ring; Hyderabad Races</i>	188
<i>The Grand Stand</i>	189
<i>The Paddock</i>	190
<i>The Enclosure and Judge's Box</i>	190
<i>The Home Schooling Ground; Weyhill</i>	190
<i>The Stable Yard</i>	191
<i>Mr. W. H. Moore</i>	191
<i>Ludgershall</i>	192
<i>Smart</i>	192
<i>The String Coming Home</i>	192

LITERARY.

<i>With the Quorn</i>	172
<i>Country Notes</i>	173
<i>People who go out Hunting</i>	176
<i>The Oakley Hounds</i>	177
<i>Meets of the Quorn</i>	177
<i>Fen Skating.—I.</i>	179
<i>The Queen's Kennels at Windsor</i>	182
<i>After Dinner Golf; by Louisa M. Hutchinson</i>	185
<i>Country Homes; Stoneleigh Abbey</i>	187
<i>Hyderabad Races</i>	188
<i>Weyhill</i>	190
<i>Between the Flags; by Ugoine</i>	193
<i>Tom Pinch.—II.; by Edward Spencer</i>	194
<i>On the Green</i>	194
<i>Town Topics</i>	195
<i>A Light Hand; by Captain Jack</i>	196
<i>Books of the Day</i>	197

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

An Index to Vol. III. of RACING ILLUSTRATED can be obtained on application by letter—enclosing stamped addressed halfpenny wrapper—to the Manager, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

COUNTRY NOTES.

THE Thames floods seem to have subsided almost as rapidly as they rose, a testimony to the efficacy of the recently adopted system of communication between the lock keepers of the upper and lower reaches of the river, by which arrangements are made to run off the water by opening the locks in flood time. When the disaster that used to follow in the wake of such a rainfall as has taken place in the early part of February this year is borne in mind, it must be admitted that

though prevention of Thames floods has not yet been altogether accomplished—and indeed hardly can be when such a sudden heavy rainfall occurs—a long step in the right direction has been taken since the disastrous deluge of November, 1894.

The principal event of last week's racing was the Sandown Grand Prize, which brought out a field of very high-class hurdlers, gave us a good race, and was won by that champion timber-topper, Knight of Rhodes. Personally I did not think he would be able to give 2st. all but 2lb. to Athclith, nor do I think he would have done so had not something gone wrong with Mr. Barclay's brilliant four year old just when he was beginning to look dangerous. He did not actually break down, I believe, and he was able to walk back to the paddock, so that I hope we shall see him winning races again some day, though I am afraid we have seen the last of him for some time to come. Dusky Queen was much admired in the paddock, and although some thought her rather light and short of muscle, she is certainly a great deal heavier now than she was when I saw her twelve months ago. Old Quilon looked the picture of condition, and what a nice mare she is—a low, lengthy, substantial sort, combining quality and power, and a hard, useful sort all over. She was fancied, too, by her trainer, in spite of her 12st. 2lb.

That good horse, Stop, who won the race last year, had the same weight as Quilon to carry, namely, 12st 2lb., and no one could say that he was out of it, on his best form; but well as he looked in himself, he may not be quite at his best just yet. The recently-arrived Australian mare, Emmalea, a flier over timber in her own country, was also among the runners; but it is impossible to form any opinion about her yet, as she looked very bad, and is evidently all amiss just now. Knight of Rhodes looked the gentleman he is, and was never better, I should say; whilst the upstanding, far-striding Athclith looked well enough for anything.

The latter was naturally made favourite, but it is quite possible that someone knew what might happen, as there was always plenty of money against him in the ring, especially when Dusky Queen and Knight of Rhodes were backed in earnest. There was good money, too, behind Stop, and old Quilon found plenty of backers at 100 to 8. As usual, Williamson lay off with the favourite, until they were nearly opposite the entrance gate, when, just as he was beginning to go up to the leaders, he stopped as if he had been shot, and was dismounted and led back to the paddock.

Lord William and Grimpo had made most of the running up to this point, but Knight of Rhodes was now allowed to take the lead. Stop was beaten two hurdles from home, and Mr. Atkinson's horse, running on under his welter weight as if it were a mere nothing, passed the post two lengths in front of John o' Seaham, with the honest staying old Quilon half a length behind, third, and Dusky Queen fourth. John o' Seaham was getting no less than 35lb. from the winner, and 28lb. from the third; but he is a five year old, and as this was only his second effort over hurdles, he should not be long in winning a race of this description for his owner, Lord Rossmore. The once smart Lord William when he had done pulling had done going, and I am much afraid is not as good as he once was.

The winner is a beautiful horse, and a very stoutly-bred one too. The Solons all jump, and Knight of Rhodes's sire, Bon Frère, is by Solon (by West Australian—Darling's dam), out of Veloute, by Fright (by Alarm, son of Venison), out of The Cook (by Birdcatcher). His dam is Herbertine, by Herbertstown (a grandson of Stockwell), out of Signal, by Sycophant (son of Rataplan). It will thus be seen that he is full of Birdcatcher blood, goes back on his sire's side to Darling's dam, and has two crosses of Pocahontas, the best of all jumping blood, so that it is hardly to be wondered at that he is the good horse he is. Mr. Barclay had some consolation for the mishap to Bendigo's half-brother by winning the February Four Year Old Steeplechase with Siberian, who, although he hardly jumped so well as the favourite, Mondaine, travelled faster on the flat and won a good race by half a length.

When Lord Shrewsbury bought Gazetteer, Macbriar, and Willington, with the intention of turning their attention to jumping, it looked as if the two former, at any rate, would make very warm customers at the game; so that ever since Willington came out and showed such brilliant form at Manchester we have been all excitement to see what the other two would do. True, Willington has been twice beaten since his Manchester debut, but on neither occasion did he disgrace himself; and if he is not quite as great a wonder as we jumped to the conclusion that he might be, after his maiden victory, he is, nevertheless a bit more than useful. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when Gazetteer's number went up for the Metropolitan Maiden Hurdle

Race he was at once made a very hot favourite indeed. He looked well in the paddock, and on his flat race form the race was a certainty for him. He jumped well, too, but was always an uncertain brute, and evidently is so still. I have always believed in putting young horses that were not too game on the flat to jumping hurdles, but I doubt if it ever pays with a six year old like Gazetteer, and I shall be surprised if he is ever much good at the game. At any rate, his first performance gave no indication that he has any more fancy for hurdling than he had for racing on the flat, and although he had a good place half way up the straight he soon retired from the flight, and left Bayreuth to score an easy four-lengths victory from Farthington. Gazetteer's stable companion, Macbriar, it may be mentioned, is two years younger than he is, and may therefore take better to hurdle-racing.

His other stable-companion, Willington, whom I have just mentioned, was also seen out at Sandown, in the Cardinal's Handicap Hurdle Race, on the first day. He had the substantial burden of 12st. 7lb., however, on his five year old back, and it was no disgrace to him that he failed to give 33lb. and 21lb. respectively to Query and Tribune, whilst as Swanshot (12st.), Scampanio (12st. 7lb.), Lady Helen (11st. 7lb.), Stroller (10st. 12lb.), and eight others, all with about 2st. the best of the weights, were behind him, he rather added to his reputation than otherwise by his performance.

The Prince of Wales Steeplechase was won by Cruiskeen II., a good-looking hardy little mare, who with only 10st. 6lb. on her back, got home three lengths in front of Bevil, carrying 12st. 4lb. The last-named made a mistake at the water the last time round, or he would, I think, have won, or at any rate he seems bound on this running to beat Westmeath, Cloonflyn, Ford of Fyne, Redhill, Ballyohara, Seaport II., and Clawson, at Liverpool next month, seeing that he defeated them all very easily here, and will be meeting them on better terms on that occasion.

Quite a number of Grand National candidates have been seen out during the past week, and, with two exceptions, have performed very moderately. The exceptions were Bevil, who ran very well under his 12st. 4lb., in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, at Sandown Park; and Timon, who won the Manchester Handicap in a canter by ten lengths; and these two races seem to have disposed of the chances of several horses that might otherwise have been backed for the big Aintree Steeplechase. The Sandown Park second, having only to carry 10st. 9lb. in that event, and the Manchester winner being burdened with 10st. 9lb. only, may both take their own parts, and indeed I would at the present moment as soon back the first-named of these two as anything in the race. Timon has on several occasions shown himself useful in his own class, having won on the flat as well as over fences and hurdles. He is a beautifully-bred horse, too, for cross-country work, and as he jumps cleverly enough, and seems to stay well, he might, perhaps, with his light weight, be more dangerous at Liverpool than anyone has thought up to now.

The second day at Manchester, which was characterised by the finest weather we have seen this year up to now, saw the persevering Lotus Lily pulled out again for the Salford Steeplechase, but she could only get fourth, behind Bugle, by Ben Battle, who beat the favourite Chevy Chase by a length, with Whitehead third, so that both Lotus Lily and Chevy Chase may be considered to have hopeless chances at Liverpool. That once brilliant horse Niblick took part in the Selling Hurdle Race, but he has been very infirm for a long time now, and could only get fifth. Being such a good-looking horse, and such a bred one, too, it is a thousand pities that he proved himself useless for stud purposes when he had the chance. Willington suffered another defeat in the February Hurdle Race, but he was carrying 12st. 7lb., and trying to give 13lb. to the useful College Green, so that it is no wonder he was beaten. Deerstalker again failed to carry 12st. 7lb. successfully, this time in the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase won by Misanthropist, and why he is always given such big weights I cannot understand; and then Athel Roy wound up the meeting by winning the Stretford Steeplechase from Camalata, the good-looking little Newfoundland, and two others.

Wherever the British soldier goes two things are sure to follow him, namely, racing and polo, and although some weeks have yet to elapse before we see the latter in full swing at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, it has been going on all through the winter in sunnier portions of the Empire. At Malta, the race-meeting, with which the polo season is usually inaugurated, has taken place successfully, and the game is now in full swing. In India, too, polo tournaments have been the all-absorbing topic of conversation for some time past, whilst from Ceylon, and even Samoa, we get news of the game. Those keen polo

regiments—the 9th Lancers and the 7th Hussars—being now in Natal, needless to say that there has been a tournament at Pietermaritzburg; and in all the most distant parts of the Empire, wherever the British soldier is serving his Queen and country, the game is in a flourishing condition.

Everyone who takes any interest in the subject knows by this time that the 18th Bengal Lancers are the last winners of the Cup given by the 10th Hussars in 1883, to be played for by the native cavalry regiments of Northern India; but everyone may not know that the regiment now having won the original cup three times—in 1885, 1886, and 1888—kept it, and that they have already won the new cup given in its place twice, namely, this year and last. This regiment was formerly the famous 2nd Mahratta Horse, that distinguished itself so greatly in the Mutiny, and it is full likely that they will win the Cup again next autumn.

To-day (Saturday) the International Rugby Board will meet in Edinburgh to further consider the Gould case, and by the time the afternoon papers are published it will probably be known what prospect exists of the season's international programme being properly carried through. As was pointed out in a previous issue of COUNTRY LIFE, the International Board clearly exceeded its powers in giving a pronouncement, without appeal from one of the four Unions, upon the professional question at all. That consideration, however, need not be taken into account just now. Not long since the authorities laid it down that the game should be played in a spirit of equity, and surely the laws should be administered on the same basis. The officials of the English Rugby Union recently issued a manifesto to clubs within their jurisdiction requesting that judgment on the matter might be suspended until the Board had met again. By many this was deemed a sign that the English delegates to the International Board were desirous of retiring from a position they found untenable, and the assumption was certainly logical.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is that popular opinion is dead in favour of Mr. Arthur Gould, and against the absurd and tyrannical rulings of the International Board on the subject of testimonials. If persisted in, the attitude of the body just referred to will cause further dissension. Even the hitherto loyal Yorkshire Clubs—those that repudiate the Northern Union—many powerful teams in the West and the Midlands, will vote for a less autocratic control; and one fine morning we shall all awake to the fact that the English Rugby Union counts solely of the London and a few other Southern Clubs. Will that prove beneficial to Rugby football?

Not to be out-done by their Rugby friends, the executive of the Football Association have been manufacturing manifestos. They profess to feel surprised that amateurism has been threatened with certain disabilities, ask that the same should be clearly indicated, and that means for the removal of the same be pointed out. Truly this is a change of front! It is perfectly evident that the idea of insisting upon the resignation of Mr. N. L. Jackson has been abandoned, and that the bulk of those composing the council have awakened to the fact that they recently made a false move.

For sport pure and simple the fixtures between the rival Universities take a lot of beating. The public know that no sordid considerations enter thereto, and that the men on both sides will play the game for its own sake and for all they are worth. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that the 24th annual struggle between the Association representatives of the Oxford and Cambridge, fixed for this afternoon at the Queen's Club, West Kensington has aroused such great interest that all the reserved seat tickets were disposed of some days ago. Public form as a test applied to football is oftentimes a delusion and a snare, else the victory to-day of Cambridge could be boldly predicted. Cambridge have not suffered quite so keenly through the vagaries of the weather as Oxford, and moreover six old choices were available as against two that the Oxford captain could command. Against Clapton—to take a recent trial game—the Light Blues won by six goals to two, whilst the Oxonians scored three to love when playing the same eleven. The losers were badly handicapped on the latter occasion, however, by the absence of Allen, their best centre forward.

Such comparisons, however, are frequently apt to lead to wrong conclusions, and it is safer to weigh the merits of the men individually when seeking to arrive at an idea of the relative strength of the sides. Taking the Cambridge team first, I imagine no one will dispute the fact that the front line is one of the strongest out for years, and that the combination is excellent. The wing-men, C. J. Burnup and A. L. Farnfield, are exceedingly fast, and can kick in almost any position. A. J. Davidson is only a little below the G. O. Smith standard as

centre, whilst C. L. Alexander and S. S. Taylor, the inside players, are two of the best in the South. The half-backs are not great, whilst at full back Bray, perhaps, is not too reliable. In goal J. T. McGaw is about as sound a second-class man as one could desire.

Concerning the Dark Blues it may at once be written that their combination is not as good as that of their rivals. The centre forward, Morgan-Owen, is not very reliable, but G. C. Vassell is one of the finest inside rights of the day. On the second line the Oxonians are possibly better than Cambridge, whilst the backs, W. J. Adams and W. Timmis, are fair. In goal H. M. Turnbull is very good. Here, then, is the situation. Forward the Light Blues appear to have a big pull; at half and full back there does not seem much to choose, whilst in goal a slight advantage rests with the Oxonians. Granted these deductions are accurate, and that luck does not unduly enter into the game, Cambridge should just win.

From time to time the term "Cup fighters" crops up in newspaper comments upon various professional clubs. Nor is the word at all misplaced, for I venture to assert that the introduction of the paid player into Association football has bred a race of men that are "fighters" in more than one sense of the word. It was my lot last season to journey to the Midlands for one of the semi-finals—Wolverhampton Wanderers and Derby County being the rival sides. In the course of a discussion as to the ultimate issue which arose on the way to the ground, a gentleman hazarded the remark, "Ah, Bloomer is almost a team in himself." "He won't do much to-day," observed a Wolverhampton supporter, "the Wolves will look after him." True enough Bloomer was badly injured before the game had been long in progress and had to retire. A few weeks since, on the way to the Millwall v. Wolverhampton tie in company with one of the cleverest little half-backs that ever donned a shirt, the latter remarked—"It will be a bad job for Gettins if he attempts much this afternoon. He's certain to be laid out." The celebrated Corinthian did "attempt much," with the result that he received a wound on the knee, from which the blood fairly streamed. In the same match another player was cautioned for throwing a handful of mud at a rival. The other day, at Woolwich, an Arsenal player was kicked in the side. The kick may have been accidental, but the blow which answered it certainly was not. These are a few personal experiences I have had of the manner in which professionalism has improved sport.

Further. Only last Saturday, in a "friendly" match between the Celtic and the Corinthians at the Queen's Club, there occurred a most disgraceful series of "episodes," ending in one player from across the border having to leave the field at the command of the referee. Instead of meddling and muddling with *bona fide* amateurs or tinkering with the rules of the game the Football Association would be much better employed in devising methods of preventing incidents of this kind. Referees, too, could do much. The present system of cautioning offenders is neither more or less than rotten. A well-known footballer, at present engaged with Newton Heath, once had his leg broken by an opponent who had *six times* previously, in the same match, been "cautioned" for foul play. The fact is becoming daily more apparent to those who are able to contrast the game of the present day with football as it used to be when it was played for sport and not money, that it will soon become impossible for gentlemen to play against professional paid players.

Fortunately there appears no hitch in connection with the Scotland v. Ireland match, at Edinburgh to-day. The Irishmen are a fine, stalwart lot, especially forward; whilst the Scots will be handicapped by want of practice, Rugby football having been impossible for weeks in their country owing to rigorous weather. Ireland should win pretty comfortably. Yorkshire's victory over Cheshire in the Rugby County Championship, and the fact that Cumberland would draw with Northumberland, makes it appear tolerably certain that the first-named will prove the premiers in the Northern Section. Sportsmen will rejoice thereat, for "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" the Yorkshire Union has remained truly loyal to the principles of amateurism, and their success—under apparently insuperable difficulties—would be a fitting reward.

To such length have these notes already run that last week's cup ties must be ignored, although the performance of Ealing in the Amateur Competition is worth noting. They met an Old Carthusian eleven, which included E. H. Bray, E. C. Bliss, C. Wilford-Brown, A. J. Davidson, G. O. Smith, and W. F. H. Stanbrough, and yet were only beaten by two goals to one. Such a defeat was more meritorious than many victories.

If all I hear turns out correct, London will have another

professional club next season. The matter would not be worth particular attention but for the fact that the names of certain "shining lights" of amateurism are being bandied about as the protectors and managers thereof.

The effort made by certain of the Thames R. C. captains to get the date of Henley Regatta altered has proved unsuccessful, and the Royal fixture stands for July 14th, 15th, and 16th. Already there are indications that it will prove as successful (if not more so) than any of its predecessors. It is greatly to be feared that the Hon. Rupert Guinness, the amateur champion, will not be able to defend his right to the Diamond Sculls, although he may be found in a "Grand" crew. It has been given out that Ten Eyck, Jun., an American, will compete for the Diamonds, but I am by no means certain that his entry will be accepted. This sculler is a son of the man who trained the great Ned Hanlan for some of his engagements, and who won *The Sportsman* Regatta on the Welsh Harp lake at Hendon not long since. If the youngster has remained an amateur under such surroundings it would be rather remarkable. The Henley Regatta committee have had some experience of the class of sculling amateur that is "made in America."

To all intents and purposes both Oxford and Cambridge have settled the selection of their eights. Oxford has as many as six Old Blues in the boat. The new men are G. O. Edwards (New), who rowed in the winning trial eight last December, and A. P. Dowson (New), the Rugby football player and hammer-thrower. It will prove an extremely heavy crew, with more weight in the bows than the stern, so, as can be imagined, the question of a boat to carry them properly is one of some moment. Mr. J. H. Clasper, of Putney, has received the order to build this craft, and he recently spent two or three days at Oxford studying the work of the crew in their present boat.

The new comers in the Cambridge boat are D. E. Campbell Muir (Trinity Hall), who will row bow, as he did in the winning trial eight; E. J. D. Taylor (Caius); B. W. Howell (Trinity Hall), who was second in the race for the Colquhoun Sculls last year, and W. Dudley Ward (Third Trinity), who rowed in the Eton eight last year.

Both lots of men are considered to be above the average, and as it is more than probable that the race will be rowed with swivel rowlocks, we shall doubtless see a fast race. Oxford will have a week at Henley—where they will be the guests of Sir John Edwardes-Moss—before reaching Putney, and a rumour was currently lately that Cambridge would spend a few days at Walton-on-Thames before they appeared on the tideway, but this has yet to be confirmed.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the National Coursing Club was held, under the presidency of Sir Wyndham Anstruther. The Earl of Sefton was unanimously re-elected president for the ensuing year. The remaining business was of an unimportant character. At the conclusion, a meeting of the committee and subscribers to the Hedley Testimonial was held, to which over two thousand pounds has already been given. Mr. Jas. Hedley has now officiated as judge at twenty-four successive Waterloo Cup Meetings.

The Oxford University Hare and Hounds sustained a crushing defeat at Oxford on Saturday from the Lea Harriers. That the Dark Blues would suffer a reverse was quite in accordance with general expectation, but that they should be beaten by so big a margin as seventeen points exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of the Lea supporters. Of course this, on the face of it, was not the Oxonians' true form, for they were very poorly represented, only two "Blues" figuring in the team. The London trio, W. L. Baker, F. E. Nichols, and H. Wade, were in front the whole way, and easily finished in this order. The first man home was the well-known Guy's Hospital runner, while Harold Wade's performance must be reckoned a particularly smart one, seeing that the old one-mile champion has been on the path close on twelve years, and rarely figures in open races now. G. Attenborough, of the Dark Blues, who finished eighth, is an old Rugby boy, and a useful cross-country runner when "fit."

Hockey enthusiasts in the Metropolis had a full day on Saturday, when of course the all-important fixture was the meeting at Bushey Park between Middlesex and Lancashire. The home county was not at its full strength, for both those well-known players, W. H. Hincks and M. Barker, were absentees; but Middlesex played a wonderfully sound game, finally drawing with their opponents without anything having been scored.

East Sheen, who had previously in the season lowered the colours of the Dark Blues, sustained a crushing reverse at the hands of the Varsity at Oxford on Saturday by six goals to love. A capital game was witnessed at Cambridge on the same day, when the Light Blues met Dublin University. The game was wonderfully well contested, but once in each half the Irishmen scored through J. B. Bowles, and as the Cantabs could make no response they were finally beaten by two goals to love.

There is not much doubt as to the social success of the show to be held under the auspices of the Borzoi Club, at Southport, in April. Doggy people are, however, disappointed at the classification, which is certainly not on liberal lines. More encouragement might certainly have been given to foreign exhibitors. With but one class for Russian breeders it is not at all likely that foreign exhibits will be strong. Again, if the object of the exhibition is to further popularise the variety, why confine competitions for the most valuable species to members? The Duchess of Newcastle, who is announced as to undertake the judging, is quite the foremost breeder of the variety in this country, and can be depended upon to eject all dogs not typical, for there is no keener judge out of Russia, as witness the splendid character of every dog turned out from Clumber. A badly-coloured or non-symmetrical Borzoi is unknown in her Grace's kennels, and one of the beauties of the show will be the Clumber team, benched "not for competition."

It is quite on the cards that a new system of judging will be introduced at the next show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, to

be held in the Royal Albert Hall towards the end of May. Mrs. Stannard-Robinson scored heavily by securing the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; and after the refusal of the Kennel Club to allow the Crystal Palace Company to relax their agreement with reference to the holding of shows other than those of the Kennel Club at Sydenham, the hon. sec. of the Ladies' Kennel Association is to be congratulated on having engaged the Royal Albert Hall. Classification will be more extensive than was the case either at Ranelagh or Holland Park.

The enthusiasm of Sir Humphrey de Trafford in his hobby of breeding dogs for the show-ring is unbounded, and he has now formulated a scheme for the presentation of medals to the committees of the leading shows. Setters, pointers, and greyhounds are the Manchester baronet's special fancies; and both at Urmston, near Manchester, and Flordon, on his Norfolk estate, he has kennels the like of which are seldom seen. It is, however, his desire to encourage breeders of every variety, and with this object in view he is offering special gold medals, each of the value of £10 10s., for competition at all the leading shows. Cruft's was the first one on the list, and there the de Trafford medal was awarded to the owner of the best bloodhound. To other shows they will be donated as follows:—Manchester, deerhounds; Dublin, Irish setters; Scottish K.C. (Edinburgh), Gordon setters; Lancashire and Northern Counties K.C. (Liverpool), English setters; Kennel Club (Crystal Palace), smooth fox-terriers; Birmingham, pointers. This list will be added to from time to time until the tale of the varieties is practically exhausted.

HIPPIAS.

PEOPLE WHO GO OUT HUNTING.

I DO not say "people who hunt," for they belong to quite a different class to the people who go out hunting. They are as widely different from each other as the man who lives to eat is from the man who eats to live. They do not know that they belong to different classes—at least, the people who go out hunting do not know it. Those who hunt do.

Place aux dames! Ladies are, thanks to the march of time in these latter days, recognized and accepted in the hunting field quite as freely as they are in the drawing-room or the ball-room. In my opinion they grace the one as much as they do the other. We seldom hear now "I do not approve of ladies hunting," or "The hunting field is no place for women." To get quite to the inner meaning of those words we might often find them prompted by purely selfish motives. A husband whose stud will run to three days a week for *himself* will inveigh loudly against women hunting when his wife suggests that she might have a day now and then. A young man with no womankind of his own will vote ladies a bore, because he may possibly have had to pull up at a gate or a gap to let a lady go first, and may, perhaps, have lost ten seconds or so. In discussing the subject one day with a man—a man, too, who rode hard and straight to hounds—he said, "If a man can't stop, even in the fastest run, to open a gate for a lady, why, I don't think much of him. What are a few seconds out of a run? He cannot lose more."

Of course some women are in the way (and very much in the way, too!) but then they are not often the women who hunt, but the women who go out hunting.

All people are in the way if they attempt to play a game without learning the rules; and half the people who hunt never try to learn the rules, while a good many would be surprised to learn that any rules exist. Unwritten rules, perhaps; but none the less to be observed.

Women who go out hunting can be divided into three classes, *i.e.*, the woman who goes out to see and be seen, the woman who goes out for her health, and the woman who hunts because it is the right thing to do.

The first of these can generally be told at a glance. She is beautifully turned out. Her habit is of the latest cut and finish, and her tiny patent leather shoes would hardly seem out of place in a ballroom. And then her hair! To this day I do not know how it is done. I have a head in my mind's eye at the present moment. The hat is daintily perched on the top of marvellous coils and twists of hair—and I will say this for the hat, it is *firm*. I have never seen it come off—the fringe lies in little curls over the forehead, and, at the end of the longest day, I have never seen a single curl out of its place or one hair awry. How does she do it? Perhaps I had better not try to find out. It may be a secret of the unseen. Another thing peculiar to the possessor of this marvellously-built head is, she will never, in the worst of weather even, go out hunting in a covert coat—"it hides up her figure so." The lady who goes out to be seen, doubtless enjoys herself in her own way every bit as much as the one who goes

out to hunt. Let her, we do not blame her; but it amuses us, for she still *calls* it hunting.

Does not everyone who hunts know—and religiously avoid—the woman who chatters? She thinks it her mission to entertain the field. We are standing outside the covert, which hounds are drawing, and we are all anxiously waiting for the first whimper. Presently a high-pitched voice breaks the silence:

"Are you going to Mrs. C.'s ball next week, Mr. Rider?"

"I think so," answers the man, giving half an ear to his companion, the other one and a-half being intently occupied in waiting for the sounds that it is hoped this "draw" will bring forth.

"What are you going as?" persists the high-voiced enquirer.

"Hark!" says the man, suddenly holding up a hand and ignoring his companion's question.

"Oh! it's only one of the dogs barking," says Miss Bore, as a beautiful note, swelling louder and louder, rings across the covert; "what *shall* you go as?"

"Tally ho! gone away!" yells Mr. Rider, as his eye detects a small, dark object creeping across a distant meadow, and, cramming his hat down on to his head, he gallops to the further end of the wood, when the hounds are pouring out in that exuberant chorus which sends the blood of the fox-hunter coursing wildly through his veins and excludes thoughts of any and everything from his mind.

"Oh, bother! they have found," says Miss Bore, as she fixes her gaze longingly on Mr. Rider's vanishing form. She had learnt from experience that it was useless to try and follow him, an experience that had on one occasion left her on one side of a stiff, hog-backed stile, whilst he was careering gaily away upon the other. He was excellent sport at the covert side; but no use to her after hounds had found. She must attach herself to someone of a less daring nature.

Captain Shirker! the man in the beautiful pink coat and spotless leathers; ah! yes, he will do, he will be safe to follow. Miss Bore had often crept through his gaps, and thankfully galloped through the gates he held open for her.

The lady who goes out to be seen never knows—or cares—what hounds are doing. Her "pet" man is out—that is enough for her. *She* has found, so what does anything else matter? "Hounds have turned, Miss Showey; this way," says Captain Dasher, wheeling his horse round as he speaks; but Miss Showey calmly pursues her way, blissfully unconscious that the hounds have altered their course.

"Thank you," she says, as she goes at full speed over the plough; "but I am following Lord Hardrider," and though he is galloping away from hounds she follows him in blind confidence, and gets up with him just as he is throwing himself on to his second horse, that was waiting for him, and then he makes his way back over almost the same ground.

"Have we had a run?" I once heard a lady ask, after a sharp twenty minutes. Not having seen the hounds the whole time, she did not know whether we were running or merely amusing ourselves.

THE OAKLEY.



Photo. by G. D. Kettlewell.

A MEET AT WILDEN.

Copyright.



Photo. by G. D. Kettlewell.

A VILLAGE GREEN.

C p. right.

MEETS OF THE QUORN.



Photo. by A. R. Thompson.

AT BROOKSBY HALL.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Where are they?" this same lady asked one day, as, being late for the meet, she went straight for the covert, where she came upon a solitary horseman in a ride. "Just in here," said the man, "you can hear them now."

"Oh! the hounds, yes," said the lady; "but where are the others?"

To the woman who goes out hunting to be seen, a breakfast is the chief delight of a hunting day. A large gathering, plenty of talk and chatter, and an excellent opportunity of showing off her faultless habit. The habit is perfect in itself, but sometimes there is one flaw that mars the whole. This one falling off is generally committed by the lady who has no brothers; she wears a made-up tie! She talks a great deal, too, about "my little mare, a perfect fencer you know;" or draws attention to her new hunter. "I have just got him from the Quorn, so I don't think there is much here to stop him." Her companion smiles to himself, knowing that nothing that the new purchase will be put at for the future would stop a sheep.

The next is the woman who hunts by her doctor's orders. Unfortunately, those kind of orders so often are given to the wrong person, to those to whom it is a pain and not a pleasure to carry them out. One poor lady I am thinking of, in particular; no meet was too far for her, no weather was too bad. We wondered, because when she got there she never did anything. She would do anything to avoid a jump, and felt safe only when galloping over a heavy plough that would steady the wildest horse. If she came to a fence that was quite unavoidable, she would turn to her groom, with a look of agony, and say, "Must I, Tim?" Tim said she must, and so she did. I asked her one day if she was fond of hunting, as she came to such far meets, and then she told me that she only hunted for her health. But her agony of mind must, I am sure, have done away with any good that the exercise might have done her body, for no sooner had she safely surmounted one small obstacle than she began anxiously to look out for the next, and so on during the whole day. I have not seen her out for some time now. She has either recovered her health or taken to a bicycle.

The woman who goes out hunting because it is the right thing to do, is, in my opinion, the one most out of her element. She generally uses the hunting field as a means to climb into the society that otherwise she would never be seen in. She has heard the hunting field called a leveller of classes, and she is determined

to take advantage of it. It is so easy to get into conversation with anyone out hunting; and there, meeting them again and again, one soon forms a so-called friendship. Yes, Mrs. Parvenue would sow her seeds during the hunting season in the hopes of reaping her harvest in the summer.

She has a beautiful mount, that would take her anywhere—but she takes it nowhere. Sometimes, if she thinks she has a sufficiently appreciative gallery, she will set her teeth and put her horse at a fence, only to find that she has landed on the top of a hound, or that the unwonted display of energy was quite uncalled for, as hounds are going in the opposite direction. She has no nerve and no love of hounds or horses. The closing meet of the season is the happiest day in the year to her. I think we all have our own special name for this lady—most hunts provide her. I remember once hunting in a country where there was just such a person. It was one of the last days of the season, a burning sun, hard ground and no fox. I overheard Mrs. Parvenue say, "This is just the day I enjoy more than anything. A lovely day, lots of nice people out, and no chance of a run."

At four o'clock we found and had a nice twenty minutes. Our day had just begun, but Mrs. Parvenue's was over.

This lady would talk very much about hunting during a long frost; and bemoans her horses eating their heads off in the stable. She remarked to me one day, in perfect good faith, what a pity it was that frost suited her so well; that during a frost she felt nerve enough to jump anything, but that it always went at the first signs of a thaw. I comforted her by saying that I knew many people like that.

She will have two or three different habits—for no particular reason—just for the pleasure of a change. To me a patch on the knee is far more to be respected than the spotless habit of latest cut. It means work, and it means that the wearer of the patch is of the right sort, otherwise she would not be wearing such a shabby habit. For, surely, with a big patch upon the knee she cannot come out to be seen; therefore, she must come to hunt. Then it is—when hounds are running—that the lady of the patch holds her own, and as she clears fence after fence she leaves far behind her sisters of the faultless habit and unruffled fringe. They have plenty of cavaliers left them still, it is true, but with a little sigh the fair ones own to themselves that all the *nicest* of the men are with the hounds, and Miss Rider is there with her brother in the thick of them.

If the "little bird" (that is popularly supposed to overhear most things) were to overhear the various conversations of these ladies after a day's hunting, as they sit comfortably toasting their toes in front of a roaring fire and sipping their



Photo. by A. R. Thompson.

ASFORDBY HALL.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

LORD LONSDALE ON WHITE CAP.



Photo. by A. R. Thompson.

THE MASTER AND TOM FIRR.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

fragrant tea, he would surely think that they were all riders of the most daring order, and that they were in the thick of the run, and knew all that went on. The poor little bird might be forgiven for his mistake, for these are some of the people (and the word "people" here embraces the sterner sex) who hunt so well in an arm-chair. Yes, the woman who goes out hunting finds many a brother of the same class; she is by no means alone in her way of pursuing sport. A. H. D. A.

A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

COMING THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

FEN SKATING.-I.

TILL quite recently speed skating, both as a sport and pastime, was strictly confined to the Fens, but latterly the sport seems to be spreading, and there is now a strong and healthy branch of the National Skating Association in London whose races are open to all those resident two years within a radius of twenty miles of Charing Cross. It is worthy of note that so far nearly all the noted skaters in London are those who have spent their boyhood in the Fens, and are mostly fenmen bred and born. The origin of skating is doubtless of high antiquity, and has certainly passed through a bone age. In the Cambridge Museum are to be seen bones which were tied to the feet and used as slides, the propelling force being possibly a pointed staff. In the time of the Stuarts we find frequent mention made of it in literature of the period. The universal introduction of skating into the Fens seems to have taken place about the year 1600 by the Dutchmen who were brought over to carry out the large drainage schemes in operation there, and subsequently through-

out the entire Fen. These settled all along the great drains and rivers, and the Dutch strain is distinctly visible in many villages now, although Dutch names are scarcely ever met with. The more energetic nature of the English soon had its effect, and to-day the style is less extravagant, and generally a nearer way to a given end, although the real racing style of the English and Dutch are very much alike. Before the Fens were so thoroughly drained, and when the frost afforded sufficient ice, skating seems to have been the chief means of travel; and even now, when frost permits, the rivers and drains become an ice highway, and many old friends then meet who, owing to the absence of roads, do not often do so. One would scarcely credit the extent to which the frozen drains and rivers are used as a means of communication. It is not at all an uncommon thing for people to skate ten miles to Ely market, and any fenman would skate twice that distance to see a match between James Smart and George See.

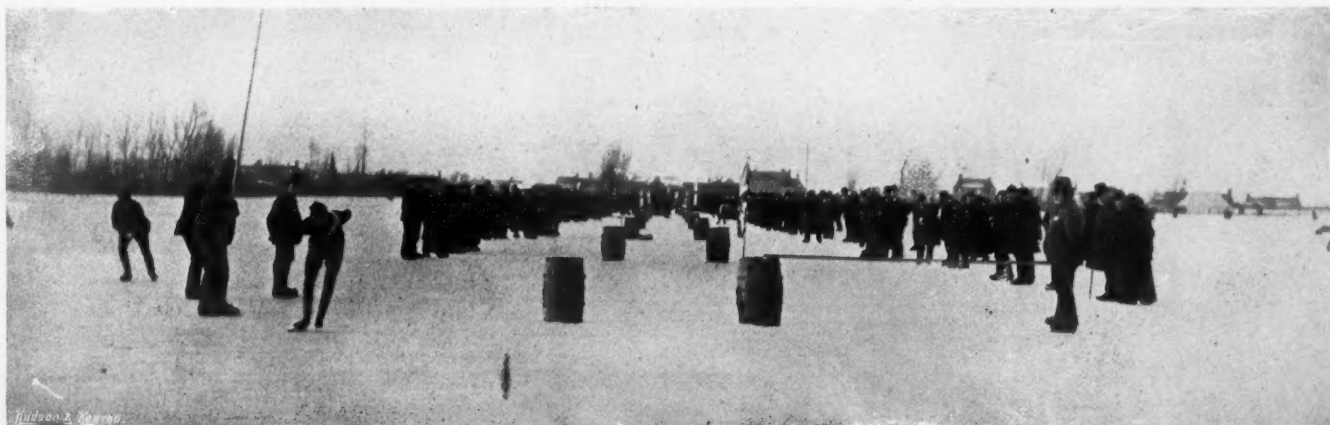


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE COURSE AT LITTLEPORT.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

Many of the readers of this have probably never seen a skating match, or, as it is locally called, "running."

A suitable piece of ice is selected, 660 yards long, which, with the usual distance "run"— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles—gives two rounds. At each end is placed a barrel, generally surmounted by a flag. Between these two points, and at regular intervals, are placed anything convenient, to act as a division line, a ridge of snow being the very best thing. The contestants are drawn in pairs, and are both started from the same end—one on each side of the barrel. The order of running is for each man to go up his own side, cross at the top, and come down on the other side. The man whose right hand is inside has preference at the turn; should it be a near thing this rule is strictly observed, and it is much to the credit of skaters that a foul rarely occurs. This arrangement ensures each man skating on his own ice, and prevents one contestant skating behind another, and by this means escaping the air resistance, which, of course, makes it vastly easier for the rear man, who thus comes out much fresher for the sprint at the finish.

The customary number of entries accepted is sixteen. This entails eight heats in the first round, four in the second, a semi-final, and final heat. The winner has thus to skate four complete courses, an aggregate of six miles, and as the prizes are often perhaps a leg of mutton or side of bacon, one can gather that the sporting spirit of the fenman is well developed. On a windy day this is a very punishing performance.

It is curious that the fenman should have developed a special style of skating, more curious still that it does not extend beyond the Fens, especially as imitation is the essence of learning to skate. There are many theories accounting for the superiority of the fenman. No doubt his *physique* and occupation fit him for it, but the only theory which covers all points is his superior style; the whole art of speed skating and long distance travelling on skates lies in the proper use of the outside edge. To sum up the Fen stroke in a few words, it is motion obtained by a side thrust of the skate on the inside edge during that portion of which stroke the other skate is on the outside edge. It seems to be generally believed that straight-ahead skating is a thing devoid of all art, and only practised by ignorant persons. This is especially so with the so-called figure skater, who, after years of patient

training, can perhaps perform ten variations imperfectly, but cannot skate straight-ahead.

Many things are required to make a good speed skater—good ankles, loins, and lungs, with indomitable pluck. It is worthy of note that many good cyclists are good-skaters, and that among the champion skaters of the world are many champion cyclists, notably Jaap Eden, probably the fastest skater in the world. It is curious to note the effect international skating races bid fair to have on the best fen style. When James Smart went to Norway he brought back some Norwegian skates, and they are gradually working their way in. They are longer and much lighter. The best kinds are made all in one with the boot. In using these it is customary to keep the hands clasped together on the loins, whereas the fenman's arms are in constant motion.

It was thought at first that these skates would not suit, the ice here being softer than that of Norway; but the experience of the writer is that the worse the ice is, from any cause whatever, the better these skates go compared with the old skates, which is accounted for in that you should spend the greater part of each stride on either one edge or the other, and as all edges are of equal thickness the extra length gives increased surface, not less, as the thin blade at first appears to do.

The fenman is not ordinarily a very methodical creature, but, once on ice, he becomes very much so. In this respect he sets an example that skaters on London ice fields might well follow. Everything with the fenman is reduced to method, and promiscuous skating about is not allowed. The arrangement in vogue varies according to the space and shape of ice available. Very soon a course is fixed, either round or up and down, with the result that you have only to pass or be passed in the direction you are going. This is very safe; in fact, were it not so, skating fast would be absolutely dangerous. Contrasted with this, the condition of any much-frequented ice-pond in London is a perfect *melée*, where one cannot possibly skate owing to the total absence of method. Most of the bad accidents I have witnessed have been entirely the result of collisions. If no method were observed in the Fens, the hospitals would soon be overcrowded; for it is no laughing matter for two big men to collide travelling at sixteen miles an hour, and often more.

CHARLES SILCOCK.

SNOW SCENES.



Photo. by Frith, Reigate.

COLD AND STILL.

Copyright.



Copyright

THE TUNNEL ROAD, REIGATE.

Photo. by Frith, Reigate.

THE QUEEN'S KENNELS AT WINDSOR.



Photo. by T. Fall.

THE KENNEL BUILDINGS.

Copyright.

IN the Home Park at Windsor, within view of the Castle, stands the beautiful range of kennels designed by Prince Albert in 1854, and occupied to-day by her Majesty's large and varied collection of dogs. The approach to these admirable and carefully-tended buildings lies through one of the prettiest bits of park scenery.

You enter from the Long Walk—only provided, of course, with the special permit, without which the lodge-keeper may not let you pass into the Queen's private grounds—and after a charming walk, with beautiful expanses of tree-dotted turf on either hand, Nature everywhere assisted to greater beauty by

the happy art of the landscape gardener, under the guiding master-mind of the Prince Consort, you reach an exquisitely pretty dairy.

Here the first evidence of the Royal attachment to dogs is seen in two bronze figures, a Skye and a Dachshund respectively, standing under the grass-plot under the dairy windows. From this point you walk straight by the "Frogmore Pond," across the beautiful park, to the kennels and the Home Park Cottage, where Joseph Hill, the Queen's trusted henchman resides.

I should like to say much about the internal arrangements of the kennels themselves, but this article is about the dogs, and not about the home they live in; so suffice it to say that they are perfect in construction and kept in perfect order. As well they may be, for the Queen's frequent visits keep all the working details under the Royal eyes, and no inspection is more searching or more critical than her Majesty's. But a word or two as to the general outside view of the buildings will perhaps be excused.

The buildings, then, make a very pretty cluster, the ochre walls and grey roofing contrasting well with the red tiles on the "Queen's Cottage" on the left. The red line of the roof of the "Queen's Verandah" rising above the whole length, and again the red of the puppy kennels on the right, while the laurel hedge, a fir or two, and the walnut and apple trees in the dogs' paddocks (three separate divisions of grass which face the kennels) break up the buildings into very picturesque diversity, and yet complete a pleasant scheme of colour. At the end of the "Queen's Verandah," if we look to the right, is the "Apron Piece," a prettily-designed summer-house; grey-roofed red-walled, rustic-timbered, and finished off with the antlers of the fallow deer, separated by a low railing from an apron-shaped space in which the dogs



Photo. by T. Fall.

DARNLEY II. AND SHARP

Copyright.

can be shewn off, a number at a time, before the Royal visitor seated within.

But this of late years has been but seldom used, as the Queen drives up in her pony chaise to the "Queen's door"—an entrance to the Spitz Court which faces the "Apron Piece"—and stops in her carriage to look at the dogs. The animals which she wishes to see are then brought out one by one, or in couples, and are either handed up into the carriage to be patted, or are let loose in groups so that the Queen may see them at play together. Her Majesty seldom comes to Windsor without making the kennels her first visit, and it is her custom to make it also her last before leaving for Balmoral in the Isle of Wight.

Foremost, perhaps, in the Queen's regard are collies and Spitz dogs, the former breed having held first place from the date of her first visit to Scotland; while the latter were taken into favour during her Majesty's stay at Florence, in 1888.

The first collie owned by her Majesty was a Highland shepherd's dog, and was named Sharp, a name which has subsequently become historic



Photo. by T. Fall.

SASHA

Copyright.

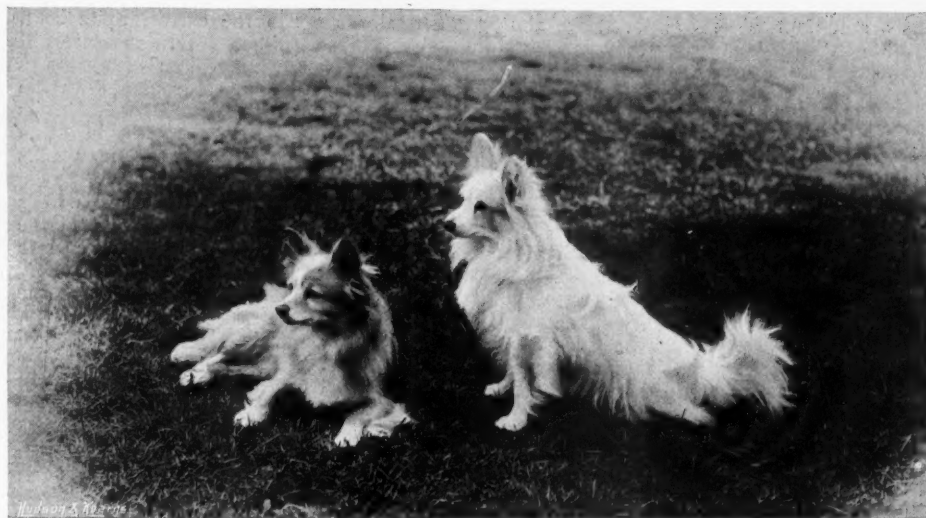


Photo. by T. Fall.

LINDA AND BEPPO.

Copyright.

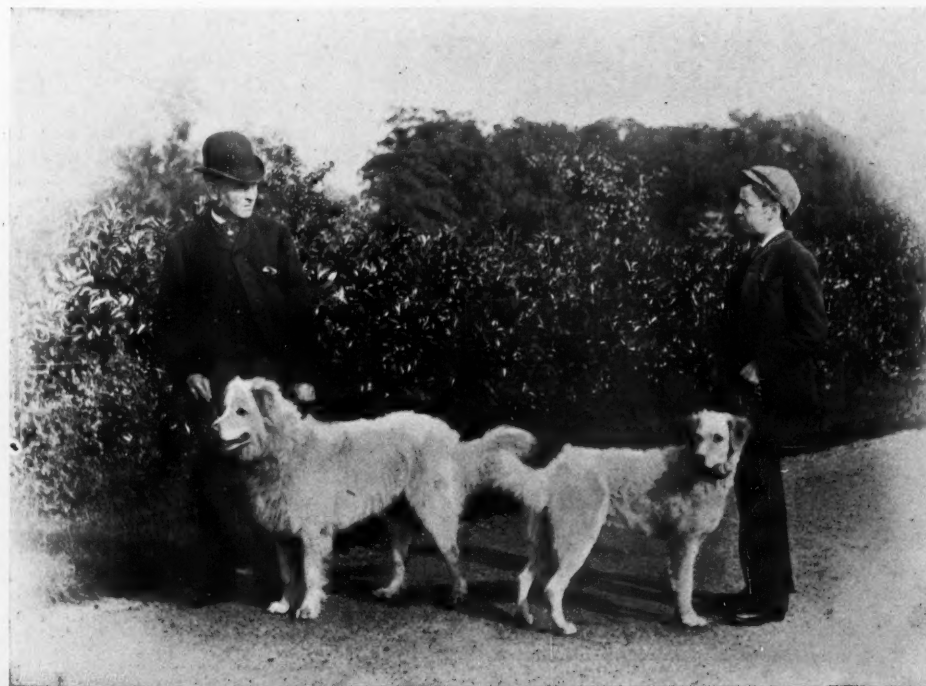


Photo. by T. Fall.

RUFFO AND BELDIA.

Copyright.

by the Queen's affection for a later collie favourite to which was given the same name, and which in Boehm's statues in Windsor Castle is depicted lying at her Majesty's feet guarding the Queen's glove.

In the Home Park Kennels collies present a prominent feature; and, judging from that selection, I should say that the Queen has a decided preference for black, white and tan, of which, by the bye, Sharp II. was one of the finest specimens. His grave lies on the terrace, where he was buried in 1879; but a descendant of his, "Roy," is one of the dogs privileged to be free of the Castle, and is also one of those that accompany the Court on its travels. Looked at collectively, her Majesty's collies are a good lot. If not in themselves equal to the latter-day requirements of fashion and the show ring, they are, nevertheless, thoroughly well-bred, and some are distinctly handsome dogs.

Nor, while saying this, ought I to forget to add that all the Queen's collies of the useful working order, DARNLEY II. and SHARP, whose portraits are here given, are perhaps the Queen's greatest favourites of all her kennel dogs. Darnley II. was presented to her Majesty by the Rev. Hans Hamilton, and is a son of the triumphant Ch. Charlemagne (K.C.G.B. 10,691), and that equally successful of her sex, Ch. Peggie II. (K.C.G.B. 12,993). When the Queen comes to the kennels, Darnley is asked for, and brought to show himself, and, good dog, he at once "grins" with delight and welcome.

Sharp is almost an exact counterpart of his sire Darnley II. in size, head, proportion, marking and black and white and sable colouring, and, needless to say, he has the dynastic grin and snort. It is certainly one of the funniest expressions of emotion that I ever saw, this grinning of Darnley and his son Sharp, a trick, so I was told, of all his race, and an unfailing evidence of true parentage for generations back. Darnley II. has been successfully exhibited by the Queen, who won a silver cup with him, at Islington, in 1891.

Perhaps of all the collies in the kennels SNOWBALL may be said to be

the best known outside the Royal gates, as he has figured in almost every article that has been written upon the Queen's victorious dogs. And very rightly so, for Snowball is one of the finest, if not the finest, of white collies to be met with in England. Though white, strange to say, he was bred from a line of coloured champions, winners, of purest descent. He is a son of Squire, a notable dog owned by that distinguished collie-breeder, Mr. Charles, and a grandsire of Snowball was the sable champion, Charlemagne. Snowball's dam was also in the kennels of Mr. Charles, and equally allied to the prize-winners of that period. Snowball is appropriately named, for he is snow-white, with the exceptions that his pretty small ears are lemon-tinted, and that he has the loveliest black nose and deliciously soft brown eyes. His skull is wider than the show bench requires, but it suits the general appearance of the dog. His coat is densely thick, and he has the thickest undercoat of any collie I have ever seen: it is quite impossible to see any parting in it. Altogether, Snowball is strikingly handsome, and well merits the popularity of the Press which has been ungrudgingly awarded him.

To see the Spitzes let out is one of the prettiest sights at Windsor, as they go, helter-skelter, into their paddock, a flurry of bright fluff where the sun catches their gold and silver coats scattered about on the green turf. A black and a white trio are happy touches of relief. How prettily they answer to their names when Hill, the kennel-man, calls them, each in turn all alertness, in perfect attitude for inspection, instinct with intelligence and perfect gems of colour.

In bright, buff-colour specimens her Majesty's kennel of Pomeranians stands unrivalled, while one or two of the white dogs at the Home Park would hold their own in the showing among the pick of Miss Hamilton's, Miss Chell's, or Miss Creswell's celebrated champions. SASHA, for instance, whose portrait appears in these pages, would hold his own against either Ch. Belpers or Ch. König of Rozelle, for his coat is snow-white, with the thickest of undercoats, while there is not the faintest suspicion of yellow either in ears, tail, or body. With a grand foxy head, bright hazel eyes, smartly-pricked ears, capital breast, well-plumed and long-fringed legs, Sasha is indeed a sure prize-winner should he ever be shown. His shape, too, is perfect. This delightful little dog was given to her Majesty by her granddaughter, the Princess Aribert of Anhalt, and he is a great favourite of the Queen. Sasha is about four years old and, like most imported Spitzes, his pedigree is unknown.

"Marco" stands first and foremost among the Pomeranians,



Photo. by T. Fall.

DIANA OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Copyright.

and for several reasons, not the least important of which being the fact that ever since he was bought he has been a personal companion of the Queen, and travels with the Court. In colour Marco is a rich deep buff, excepting on the tail and hind feathering, which merges in a very pale tint of fawn hue. His weight is about 12lbs., so that he is not a toy, but in build he is proportionate and symmetrical. He has the correct Spitz coat, which is very profuse about the neck, where it forms a dense frill or mane. His eyes in colour match the colour of the dog's saddle, and he is bright, sharp, and intelligent-looking, with the prettiest of tiny ears, that are full of alertness, and always properly pricked. Marco has won prizes whenever he has been shown, and under the most critical of judges, which speaks volumes for his quality.

LINDA and BEPPO are two old veterans, both of which have been prize winners, and both have had their full share of the Queen's regard. Linda is a bright buff, with even white splashings, and is now over eight years old, and looks remarkably well, though she has been a prolific parent and has supplied the Royal kennels with puppies twice a year with great regularity. One of her puppies was the beautiful Fluffie, a daughter of Marco's, destined to a sadly brief but brilliant career, for after winning firsts, cups, and medals at some three shows she sickened and died.

Beppo, a white, with the one fault of a lemon patch on one eye, was another importation from Florence, and, like Linda, is also a prize winner. Beppo does not look his age, for his eyes are as deep and as lustrous as they should be, while his coat is thick enough to make him indifferent to the roughest of weather. His nose is as black as it was when he was first exhibited some six years ago, and his tail is carried with all the jauntiness of youth. His mane and frill are as profuse as ever, and his head still retains the true foxy outline. Beppo is, in fact, delightful.

Skye-terriers have been kennelled at Windsor since 1839, and the first of that breed owned by the Queen was, I am told, Cairnoch, and he travelled with the Queen and Prince Albert on their first visit to Scotland, in 1842. Skyes seem to have held the Royal regard ever since, for from that date up to the present one or more Skyes have always been in evidence.

The portrait given here is that of DIANA OF ALDIVALLOCH—a Skye-terrier presented to her Majesty by the Duchess of Roxburghe, who had procured her from that delightful Skye enthusiast, the Reverend David Dobbin, whose death last year was regretfully recorded. Mr. Dobbin always spoke of Diana as the best puppy he had ever bred, and her sire, Roy of Aldivalloch (who figures in Mr. Rawdon Lee's great work, "Modern Dogs" as an ideal Skye), has won gold medals and first prizes at every show from Inverness to the Crystal Palace, and her pedigree is the longest on record. Diana's coat is a pepper and salt, of the proper



Photo. by T. Fall.

SNOWBALL.

Copyright.

texture, her head is good, with beautiful eyes of dark brown. But she is painfully shy, and so carries her ears timidly, and her body is too square, but she is beautifully low. The "Ladies' Kennel Journal," in relating the trouble they had to secure her photography gives a very amusing illustration of Diana's exceptional timidity.

"Whew! that *was* a job," said Mr. Fall, settling down on the turf to rest and cool himself, "but I think I have got a good picture of her at last"—and he was right; it *was* a job photographing Diana of Aldivalloch. The dog had made up her mind that she was about to be executed, and that the camera was the instrument selected for the purpose, and she clung to Hill's legs as her last hope in life. But as we did not want to photograph Hill's legs with only Diana's nose peering out between them, we had to get Hill to go away, and then poor Diana was lost indeed. In vain did we feed her on scraps of cake, in vain indulge in "ground and lofty tumblings" before her, in vain did we tootle seductively on the penny whistle. She ate the cake, surveyed our salutations, and listened to the whistle, but always, alas! with her tail to the camera. Face it she wouldn't. So then we held a stealthy Red Indian sort of council. The camera was solemnly and ostentatiously carried out of sight and then surreptitiously sneaked round the buildings to the other side, while all of us, having retired into concealment, made strange noises in the opposite direction. Diana, finding herself alone, plucked up courage and came out of the corner. A more than unusual

whoop from Hill, hidden behind a pillar, attracted her. Up went her ears, snap went the camera, and she was photographed at last. But it *was* a job."

Two of the most interesting dogs at Windsor are the "Italian Mountaineer" dogs, RUFFO and BELDIA, selected in Italy about two years ago for her Majesty. They are whole white dogs, except for a lemon tinge on their ears. Their size, that of a Newfoundland, which they also resemble in shape. The eyes are hazel and the noses pointed. They are, I believe, the sheep-dog of the Italian and Spanish shepherd. They are most lovable in disposition, while possessing every trait of a good guard and watchdog. Ruffo is stationed at the gate or main entrance to the Castle, under the charge of Elmers, who is proud of his charge.

In the kennels there are two well-bred Irish terriers. Of these Paddy is a typical dog, of the proper colour and texture of coat, standing straight on his legs, and carrying his well-shaped ears perfectly. His sire was Terrier Bey, and his dam Schult-Agra, and he is now seven years old.

Windsor Kennels have never been without a kennel of the "Dachs" dogs. The Dachsund Waldman is the latest of that breed and name to arrive at the Castle. He was given to her Majesty about eighteen months ago by the Princess Christian. Waldman is a trifle coarser and plainer in head than specialist judges of the variety are giving prizes to nowadays; but in shape, colour, and the satin-texture coat, he is nearly all that a judge could ask for, while his expression is true Dachs.



THE professor was compelled to plead ingloriously guilty, urging merely that as a man of science any faults that he committed on the unfamiliar ground of classic theology were to be forgiven him.

"In any case, however," he added, "I think we are agreed that our Sandwich friends have shown a wise restraint in their nomenclature; but after all I must confess, for my own part, I find more terrible visions conjured up by that simple name 'the Maiden' than by any of those bunkers so terrifically styled. It may be, it is true, that this is due to experience and association, for I have often tapped my ball into the heart of that 'Maiden,' and found it so strong that it has broken both my niblick and my spirit. But in point of fact I rather think that it recalls to my remembrance strange fancies first derived from Harrison Ainsworth—such as the 'scavenger's daughter,' and the 'rat-catcher's daughter'—cruel instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages at the Tower of London, but whose power to make men in their desperation say terrible things cannot have been a circumstance to the torturing, provocative power of that Sandwich 'Maiden.'"

"There is altogether too much sacrificed at Sandwich," growled the colonel, "to the tee shot. There are very few holes

where anything else matters. If you hit a great long tee shot you are over all your difficulties, and generally within simple reach of the hole; but if you miss your tee shot, or even if you do not hit it very far, you are soon beyond redemption. My heaven, what bunkers! you could bury St. Paul's Cathedral in most of them, and not know it was there."

"It is certainly true," said the professor, "that the greens are not in all instances well guarded, as the phrase is; but it is rating them very highly to compare them in this respect to the St Andrew's green, which are the most beautifully-guarded in the world—sometimes guarded by little more than the brae that slopes up to them, as in the case of the home hole, but sufficiently guarded, nevertheless, even by that."

"Oh, by Jove, St. Andrew's, Flegg! St. Andrew's, in the disposition of its bunkers is the best of all that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. There is no comparing any other course with it in that particular."

"Nevertheless, my dear sir, I have heard it argued that the bunkers are scarcely in sufficient evidence—that they are below the line of sight, and that the stranger cannot see exactly where they are."

"And I tell you, Flegg," the colonel retorted, with terrible severity, "I tell you that that is the stranger's fault for being a stranger. No man—no golfer, that is to say—has the slightest right to bring forward

any argument that has a 'stranger' for its premise. No golfer has any right to be a 'stranger' at St. Andrew's. It ought to be altogether and perfectly familiar to him. But as to what you have 'heard argued,' as you say, there is no such utter and arrant nonsense in the world that you will not hear it argued. It is your fault for listening."

The professor bore his rebuke mildly.

"What you say, my dear sir, is, I am sure, quite true," he answered. "At the same time I cannot but think that even the glorious St. Andrew's course would be improved if we could lend it the pleasing variety of some of the splendid bold Sandwich bunkers, as carried from the tee, just as the Sandwich course could no doubt be improved by the introduction of some of the St. Andrews' features, if that was possible."

"The St. Andrew's putting green," said the colonel, "yes, by Jove, if you could give it that. Personally I do not see that it fails in sufficient guarding of the greens, though some find fault with it on that ground, and though the guarding is less perfect than at St. Andrew's. Its putting greens are not above reproach, and the lies throughout the green are often hairy. For the rest there is little fault to find with."

"Like Prestwick," Bob put in. "Seventeenth holes at

both are almost identical, and general character of links is similar all through."

"Prestwick putting greens are better."

"But there isn't a hole at Sandwich quite so dull as some of those across the Himalayas at Prestwick."

"Some of those down by the sea are long and dull and bad in the lie."

"Have you been to Sandwich lately?"

"Four years ago only."

"Well, they've improved wonderfully since then; you should go again."

"And how long ago is it that you began going to Prestwick?"

"About ten years."

"Ah, you should have gone before; when they had the old twelve-hole course, this side the wall. It was delightful golf then. None of your dull old holes beyond the Himalayas."

"It's worth crossing the Himalayas though, I'm sure, if only to see the view of the Kyles of Bute and the estuary of the Clyde from them." This was Miss Mary Flegg's contribution to the entertainment.

"My dear Miss Mary," said the colonel, "do you not know that no self-respecting golfer condescends to look at the view, or even to admit that he is aware of any landscape beyond the horizon of the next hole?"

"Not even when the sun is setting behind Arran in the distance?"

"Well, you're right, I believe, Miss Mary. Prestwick beats them all for beauty of scenery, though they are all beautiful places to my thinking. Look at St. Andrew's now!"

"Oh come, come, uncle," said young Bob, "St. Andrew's is all very well—lovely golf and darned fine ruins, and all the rest of it; but as for views—what is there? A cold, gray sea, without an island or a slip upon it, and a flattish stone dyke country roundabout."

"And how about the mouth of the Eden, on a fine day, at high tide?" the colonel asked, scornfully; and the nephew sat rebuked. "Not but what I'm ready to admit," he went on, "that the Phœdra island, with its lighthouse, and the others, and the great Bass Rock, and the steamers passing up the Forth, do give an interest to the sea off North Berwick that the St. Andrew's sea has not got. But give me the Eden at high tide, and I'll give you all your Phœdras and Bass Rocks."

"A fair offer," said Robert laughing, "but while you've been talking about golf links you've left out the one that's really in some ways the best of all."

"He means Westward Ho! of course," Miss Mary said, "the dreariest place in the wide world, and quite in a corner of it."

"Dreary, if it rains and you don't golf, I allow," Bob assented, "but quite beautiful when the sun is shining on it; and as for the golf, whether it's wet or fine, just look at it—the loveliest lies that ever were seen in this world. A man never takes out a brassy at Westward Ho! It's all one great putting green, except where the bunkers are."

"And the rushes, Bob," the colonel interpolated, "for goodness sake don't forget them. Points like assegais. Do you know I was Röntgen rayed just before I left town, after eight weeks' golfing at Westward Ho! I'd been driving a little wildly, it's true; but when I was developed I assure you the operator was almost as astonished as I was myself. I looked as if I was about first cousin to a porcupine, with all the broken rush-points sticking out from my bones."

"That's the kettle for you, uncle, certainly," said young Bob, with little reverence. "No one will compete with that."

"It's true, every word of it," the colonel maintained stoutly; "but it was my own fault altogether: I'm quite willing to admit that. If you play good golf you are rewarded by getting the best tees in the world, but if you drive mildly you do get into trouble."

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY HOMES: STONELEIGH ABBEY.

FULL of many interests, as it is characterized by many beauties, stands the picturesque and stately Warwickshire domain of Lord Leigh, looking over the sylvan vale of the Avon. In that quaint and ancient gatehouse, with its battlements and gables, its external staircase and its over-arched gallery, built by Abbot Robert de Hockele, before the year 1349, we seem to have the ideas of the old world embodied. It is the world of mediævaldom, of barons and men-at-arms, of the silent cloister, and of white-robed men labouring in the fields, as in the vineyards of the Lord. There are Norman doorways in the abbey buildings that carry us back to the days of the king's sakenen, the tenants of the royal demesne. These did suit and service at the court held on Motstow Hill; they had pannage for their hogs, perhaps beneath these very oaks, with wood for their hearth fires, "house bote" and "hay bote," and when the day of the lord's

"bederepe" came, they rode through the fields from sunrise to sunset, with white wands, to see to it that none made default or "jaboured idly" in harvesting for the king. When they died, too, horse, harness and arms must be given up as a full heriot.

A dead-and-gone world, you will say, but one that has left a noble legacy. Look then, at the long, level lines of the new Abbey, linked to the old, and built in the Italian style, about the year 1720. There are flat pilasters breaking the monotony of the many-windowed walls, and a well-wrought balustrade capping the stately pile. It is the modern world that you behold, the Georgian world, in which Lord Leigh drove home, clad in mulberry coat, with peruke and cocked hat, in a splendid coach-and-six; the world in which these beautiful, stiff, trim, old-fashioned gardens, with their rich iron gates and mossy pillars and walls, were formed. It is a dead world, too, sinking slowly back, even to the days of those Stoneleigh "bond slaves" of Edward III., who wore the red patch betwixt their shoulders, and made gallows and hanged thieves, ploughing and reaping between while.

But, looking thus, you confess that the noble structure, the numberless gables, the horizontal lines, the mulioned windows and curious doors make such a charmingly diversified picture as wholly satisfies the ideals of the present day. A glorious country lies around. Before the house the placid Avon takes its winding course; and beyond the gentle hills rise in graceful contour, clothed in sylvan pride, many a varied green adding to the woodland charm. Whatever taste could do to beautify Stoneleigh by the skill of the planter, the craft of the woodman, and the loving care of the trained gardener's hand, has been done with taste and judgment by successive owners of the great domain. The house and its radiant gardens lie en-framed amid gently undulating wooded hills, and both the home and deer parks are dotted with noble trees, singly and in groups, of many kinds, some in early grace waving their branches in the breeze, others gnarled and shattered, bespeaking the storms and tempests



THE TERRACE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



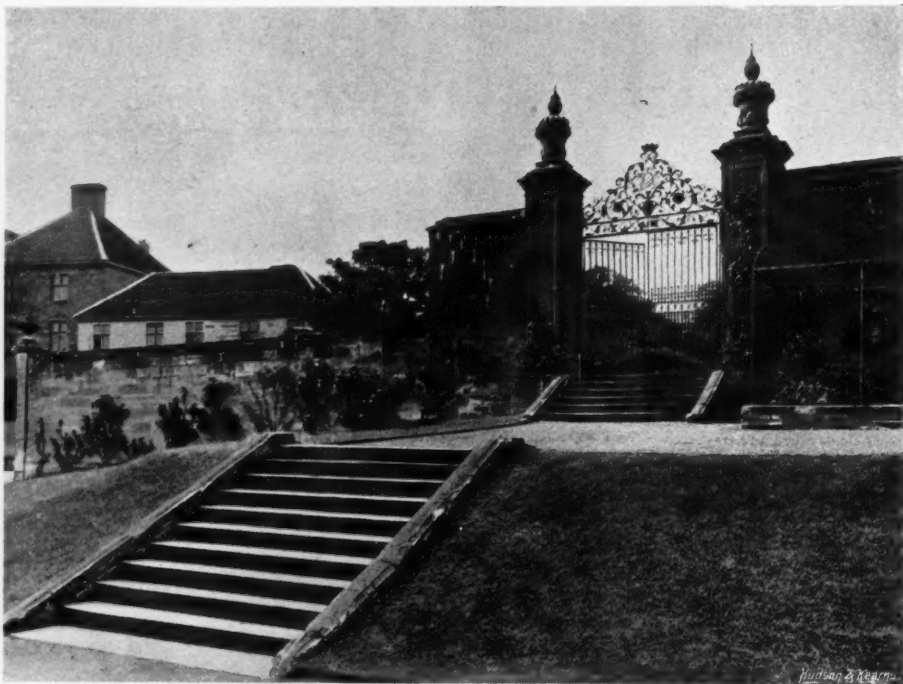
STONELEIGH ABBEY.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

of a far-off mediæval time. Entering the home park from the direction of the Kenilworth Road—for Kenilworth is less than three miles away—you find near the Abbey, after crossing the Avon by a handsome bridge built by Rennie in 1809, a huge pollard oak, of which the girth is more than thirty feet, and there is another in the deer park, beneath which they fancifully say that Shakespeare lay and dreamed. These are but individuals among many forest giants that grace Stoneleigh in rugged groups and avenues.

It is time now to say a little of the history and special features of the place, though to do either at length is outside the scope of the present article. The Cistercian monks came to Stoneleigh from Rodmore, in Cannock Chase, through the beneficence of Henry II., and the house they reared occupied a quadrangle adjacent to the modern mansion. It is here that Norman doorways and mediæval features are found, for, though much has been altered or destroyed, some parts remain of the south aisle of the church, which forms a remarkable corridor-entrance to the house and of the chapter house and abbot's lodging, which have been converted into domestic offices. At the suppression of the abbey by Henry VIII., wholesale destruction, as was the manner of the time, doubtless went on; and other buildings, supposed to have been the dormitory and offices, were removed when the modern mansion was built. In Jacobean days, too, gables were added to earlier structures and other changes made. Stoneleigh Abbey was then possessed by the Leighs, to whom it had come in the person of Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor of London, in the time of Elizabeth, by purchase from the heirs of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Henry's grantee. This Sir Thomas journeyed up to London for the Queen's Coronation, a transit of eight days, with the prayers of Stoneleigh for his safety. Charles I., when he found Coventry closed against him, received bounteous hospitality from another Sir Thomas Leigh, first Lord Leigh, at the abbey.

In the same family Stoneleigh has since remained, a noble, ancestral abode, famous among the many seats of Warwickshire. Within its spacious chambers—the entrance hall, library, silk and velvet drawing-rooms, saloon, dining-room, breakfast-room, and chapel—are nobly adorned, oak-panelled and richly ceiled, with storied glass in their panes. Beautiful furniture and rare



THE GARDEN GATES.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

works of decorative art are within them, and a splendid collection of family, probably, and other pictures is upon their walls. All the generations of the Leighs are here depicted by the hands of well known artists—and there are works of Dürer, Van Dyck, Philip Wouwerman Honthorst, Holbein, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Gainsborough, and other scarcely less celebrated painters. Warwickshire is very rich in its picture galleries, and few contain choicer works than that of Stoneleigh.

But to treat this splendid seat adequately is impossible here. The object has been to suggest rather than to describe its many features and various attractions. Visitors to Leamington, and most tourists through the Shakespeare country, know them well. Let us conclude by glancing, as it were, out from the windows of one of the great suites of rooms. There are brilliant flower-beds below, and green slopes leading down to the winding Avon, beyond which the gentle steeps are embowered in a wealth of diversified foliage, making a typical English landscape of river, wood and hill.

JOHN LEYLAND.

HYDERABAD RACES.

MULKAPETT, or Malikpett, as it is styled, is the name of the suburb of the city of Hyderabad (the capital of the dominions of his Highness the Nizam), in which the Annual Race Meeting is held in November. The course occupies a fine expanse of level ground on the verge of this suburb, which lies about a mile to the east of the capital. The

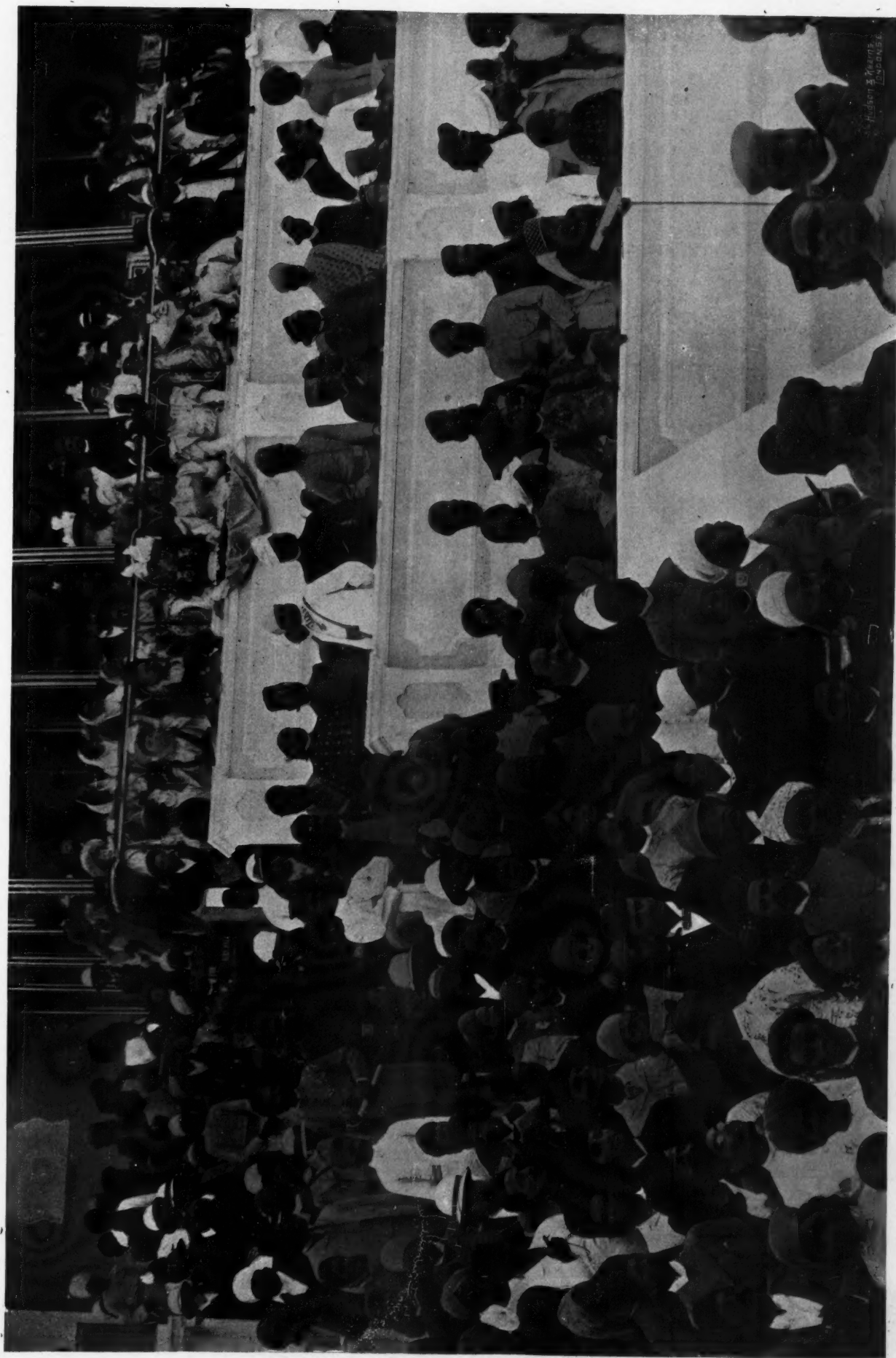
Grand Stand, which was erected by the Nizam's government, some fifteen years ago, is said to be the finest in India. It can accommodate a large number of spectators, and on the upper story are apartments for the Nizam and his staff. His Highness is present on most race days, and invariably attends when his Gold Cup is run for.

This is the Grand Prix of the meeting, and in stakes and money added is worth six or seven thousand rupees. The races commence in the middle of November, and there are five days good sport. Bookmakers from all parts of India are present, and the Hyderabadis, who are all good sportsmen, back the horses they fancy for considerable sums. Horses from Bombay, Poona, Madras, Bangalore, Calcutta, and Upper India, in charge of their owners or trainers, begin to arrive a fortnight or so before the meeting commences, and from that time the course in the mornings presents a busy and animated spectacle. At the time that the meeting is in progress, all the public offices of the Nizam's government close at two in the afternoon, so as to give everyone an opportunity of viewing the sport. Crowds of people, from nobles of highest rank, attended by their *sowarries* (usually Lancers in picturesque uniforms), down to the humble *chuprassie* (office messenger), flock to see the Ghordaur; as the races are called in the local vernacular. The total value of the stakes run for is over half a lac of rupees, and although of late years there has been a falling off in the entries, as compared with those of twelve or fifteen years ago, the meeting is second only to Calcutta in point of



THE RING.

Copyright.



HYDERABAD RACES: THE GRAND STAND.

Photo. by Lala Dasi, Secunderabad.

importance. It is well supported by the officers from the British garrison at Secunderabad, Trimalgherry and Bolaram.

Previous to 1881 Moul Ali (a course close to the British cantonments) was the centre of racing here. A three days' meeting used to be held there, and two days at Malikpett, for the convenience of residents of the City of Hyderabad. But in that year, when the great Sir Salar Jung was Regent and Minister of the State, and the late Maurice Wilkinson (known to his intimates as the Baron of Cork) took Hyderabad racing in hand the location was changed to its present site. Wilkinson was a genial and facetious Irishman, and though it is many years since he left Hyderabad, many good stories about him are still current. While here he was at the head of the Public Works Department, but racing, not engineering, was his *forte*.

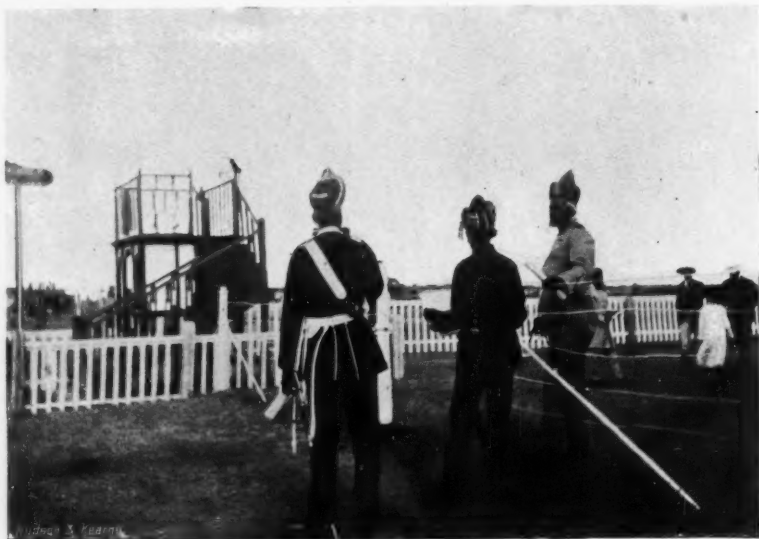
Racing in Hyderabad may be traced back to the early years of the present century, when the famous Hyderabad Tent Club, of which many a pleasant story will be found in the old oriental "Sporting Magazine," held its annual meetings. Those were the days of Arabs and mighty pig-stickers, whose exploits are celebrated in many a stirring verse to be found in the aforesaid magazine.

Malikpett is not without historical associations, though now its chief glory is its racecourse. On a



THE PADDOCK.

Copyright.



THE ENCLOSURE AND JUDGE'S BOX.

Copyright.

knoll, not a mile distant from the Grand Stand, lies the tomb of Monsieur Raymond, a famous French adventurer, who died here a hundred years ago. At the time of his death Raymond had some fifteen thousand well-disciplined troops, officered by thirty or forty Frenchmen, under him. The presence of this large body of soldiers, nominally in the pay of the Nizam of the day, but in reality his masters, was a source of much trepidation to the Marquess Wellesley, then Governor-General of India; but he seized the opportunity of Raymond's death, and the breaking out of hostilities with Tippu Sultan, to induce the Nizam to issue orders for the disbandment of the Frenchmen. This was done with the aid of British troops from the Madras command, and from that time dates the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force. Anyone wishing for fuller particulars of those stirring times should consult "Kaye's Life of Malcolm," "Malleon's History of the French in India," and his "French and English Adventurers in India." The latter book contains a very good account of Raymond, the last of the French commandants in Hyderabad. His name is still held in veneration here, and each year on the anniversary of his death large numbers of the irregular troops (who trace their origin to his battalion) assemble at his tomb, illuminate it brilliantly, and fire salutes with cannon and muskets. A. R. H.

WEYHILL.

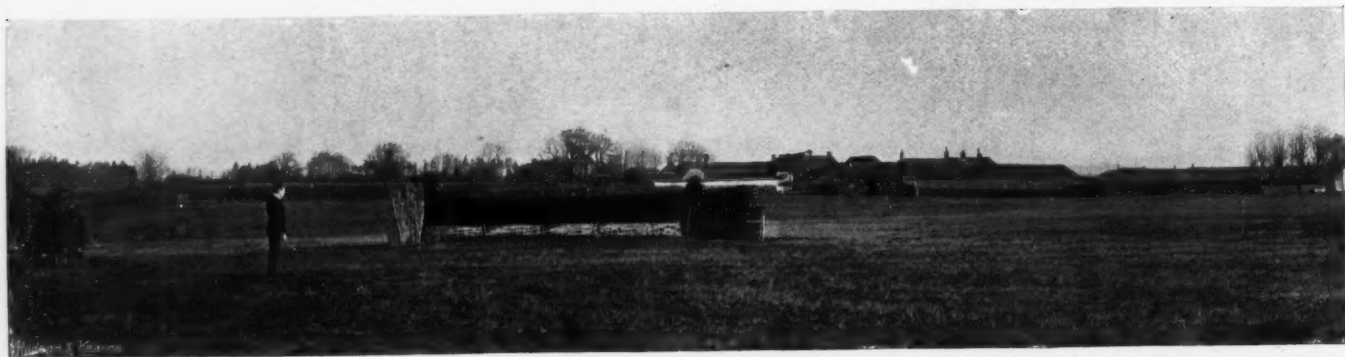


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE HOME SCHOOLING GROUND.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

THERE is no more picturesque county in England than Hampshire, with its richly-timbered valleys, its clear, rippling trout-streams, and its breezy downs, nor any better adapted for the training of racehorses. Not far from Stockbridge, beloved of fishermen, and close to far-famed Danebury, is the well-known market-town of Andover, once famous as a hunting centre, and just beyond that, again, the quiet little village of Weyhill, where Mr. W. H. Moore now resides and looks after a long string of jumpers.

It would be difficult to write anything worth reading about steeplechasing in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and

Ireland, for many years past, without making frequent mention of the Moores. They are an old Irish family, originally well known, but which seems to have migrated later on to Tipperary, as it was at Moatfield in that county that "Willie" Moore, who now controls the destinies of the important Weyhill stable, first saw the light.

He is a son of that keen sportsman and genial companion Mr. John Hubert Moore, than whom no finer judge of everything that pertains to chasing or chasers ever lived, and a younger brother of the famous "Garry" Moore, quite one of the finest cross-country horsemen that ever rode over a fence. It is, therefore,



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE STABLE YARD.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

hardly to be wondered at that he took early to the saddle, and he was, I believe, only seventeen when he had his first mount in public, and rode *Toujours Prêt* into third place in the Munster Steeplechase, at Cork Park, with eleven others behind him; whilst I know that he was not yet twenty when he won the Pump House Hurdle Race, at Llandindrod Wells, on Mr. Bower's Redskin.

How well I remember the cheery times there were at the Curragh when he and his brother "Garry" were at Jockey Hall, soon after their father had migrated, together with the gallant old *Liberator*, to the south of England, from which he has since returned to his native land, where, I am glad to hear, he is still living, as hale and hearty as of yore. Early in the eighties, however, the brothers followed their father's example, and took up their residence at the late Harry Gouter's place at Littleton,

near Winchester. At this period of his career the younger of the two spent much of his time in Germany, where he managed his friend Mr. Oehlschlager's horses, for whom he won most of the biggest steeplechases on the Continent, including that at Baden-Baden not less than five times; whilst in 1888 he also won the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase, at Croydon, and the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase, on the same gentleman's Johnny Longtail.

He generally came to England in the winter to ride for his brother Garrett; and when, after the death of Jousiffe, the elder of the two brothers moved into that popular trainers' establishment at Seven Barrows, near Lambourne, the younger stayed on at Walnut House, until, in 1893, he took over his present premises at Weyhill, where he has since shown that he can manage a stable-full of horses as well as he could once ride them.

Hampshire is a good sporting county, and one that has always been associated with the training and rearing of chasers; and Mr. W. H. Moore did not make much mistake when he selected his present head-quarters, where everything is admirably adapted for the purpose in view. The stables were originally built by a well-known Hampshire horse-dealer, whose business was afterwards taken over by the Andover and Weyhill Horse Company, Limited. This company subsequently failed, and the property was then taken over by the National Pony and Galloway Racing Club, who laid out excellent steeplechase and flat-race courses, and made many other improvements there. It was when they left it that Mr. Moore stepped in, since which two Grand National winners have done their work on the gallops originally made for pony and Galloway racing.

The STABLES, a picture of which will be found among the illustrations which accompany this article, are built on a breezy common, close to the village of Weyhill, from which is a fine view of the distant Hampshire hills. On the right, as you enter, is the trainer's cottage, now occupied by the worthy Collins, who came from Ireland with Mr. Garrett Moore when that popular horseman went to Walnut House; and when he afterwards went to Lambourne, Collins stayed on at Littleton, and afterwards accompanied Mr. "Willie" to Weyhill. He is a most careful and reliable trainer, and a real good stableman—the most important thing of all, in my opinion—and the many successes of this stable are not a little due to his care and experience.

Immediately behind this, in the principal yard, surrounded by lofty, well-ventilated boxes, and with saddle-rooms, sick-boxes, forage-barns, forge, and all the other accessories of a large training establishment in convenient contiguity.

On the other side of these is the spot where Capt. Herbert built his race-stand, when Weyhill was the head-quarters of National Pony and Galloway racing; and, in front of this, the ground which was then the steeplechase course and is now Mr. Moore's schooling-ground. Certainly I have never seen any better, as it contains every description of fence, always affords good "going," and is extensive enough to allow of the gallops being changed whenever it is thought advisable to do so. Considering that the fences were built under Mr. Moore's personal supervision, it is needless to

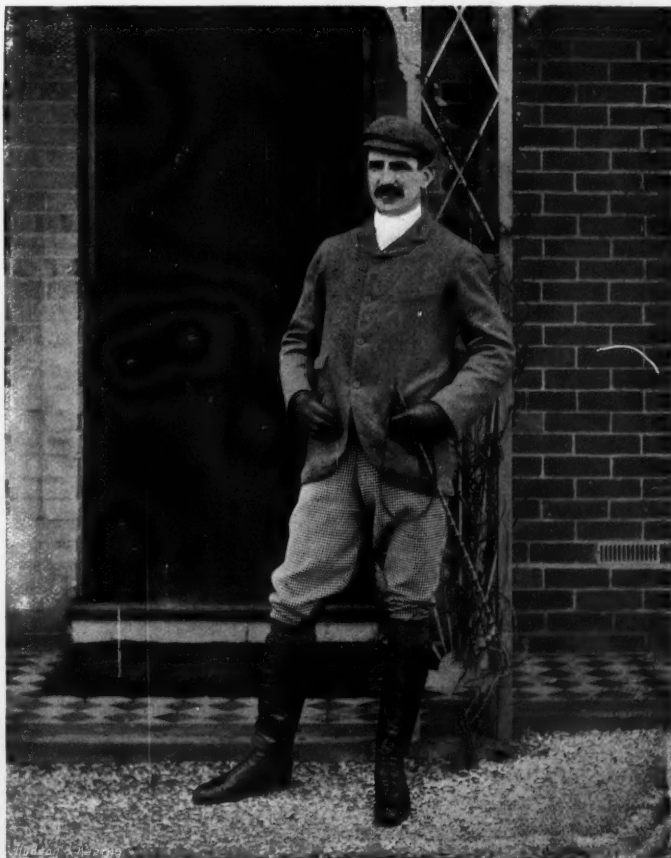


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

MR. W. H. MOORE.

say that they are perfect for their purpose, and the number of races won last season by young Weyhill-schooled horses is sufficient proof of the thorough education that they get there.

Among these was LUDGERSHALL, who carried off the National Hunt Steeplechase, run, on that occasion, at Hurst Park. He is a big, good-looking brown gelding, six years of age, by Privateer, from Lady Caradoc (h.b.), and he won that race very easily from Benediction and Ford of Fyne, who were second and third, with Melton Constable, Cloon-flyn and Stratocracy behind him, though it should be mentioned that the latter met with a serious accident during the race. At the same time, the winner won his race in good style all through, and may be dangerous in this year's Grand National with 11st. 2lb. This stable, however, shelters three other "Liverpool" candidates in Father O'Flynn (11st. 7lb.),



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

LUDGERSHALL

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SMART.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

The Soarer (11st. 4lb.), who won it in 1893 and 1876 respectively; and Prince Albert (10st. 8lb.), a bay gelding by Althotas—Bessie (h.b.), who won the Silsby Handicap Steeplechase at Leicester last year.

A very useful young chaser who has done well for the Weyhill stable is Ruric, and I was surprised not to see his name among the acceptances when they were made public, which may either mean that his owner does not care to run a five year old for this race with 10st. 9lb. on his back, or that one of those left in is better at the weights. At any rate, one of this lot is sure to be well backed before the day, and I should not be surprised if it turned out to be last year's winner.

Another horse whose portrait is given herewith is the seven year old SMART, by Melton—Mirobolante. He did not fly at any high game last



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE STRING COMING HOME.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

year, but he won three times over hurdles, curiously enough on each occasion at Manchester; and as Mr. Moore's horse have a way of improving beyond all recognition, he may show better form this year than he ever has yet.

It would not be right to conclude my remarks about Weyhill without a few words about a very notable horse that used to be trained at this establishment, but who has recently joined the great majority, speeded on his way by the friendly bullet. I allude to the gallant old Why Not, who won its first Grand National for that stable in 1894, especially as it was quite a champion performance to win such a race as that was with a horse who seemed to have lost all his form, had become decidedly sketchy in his jumping, and had for some time past been thought to be a light of other days. I remember thinking what a good stamp of chaser he was when he won the National Hunt Steeplechase

at Malton, as a five year old, in 1886. He had a great many tries to win a Grand National, but had not the best of luck; and it was not till he was thirteen years old, and supposed to be no more good, that he came out, like a giant refreshed, from the Weyhill stables, and accomplished the task that he had so often essayed in vain. He ran right well, too, last year, and, but for getting hung up in one of the ditches, might have finished much closer to the winner than he did.

At the same time I think The Soarer won with a good lot in hand, added to which he is one of the most improved chasers in training; and although he will be carrying 19lb. more this year than when he won, I should be sorry to say that he would not win, supposing him to be the best of the Weyhill lot, whilst I do not know anyone who would not be heartily glad to see Mr. W. H. Moore leading in his third "Liverpool" winner in four consecutive years. UBIQUE.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

THE weather having, at last, taken a turn for the better, there was some interesting cross-country sport last week, during which we saw more than one "Liverpool" candidate performing in public.

The Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase brought out a good field of nine, among which was the Grand National non-content Ebor, together with No and Victor, who are still left in that race, and were carrying 10st. 3lb. and 10st. 10lb. respectively. Odds of 11 to 10 were laid on the Waler, although he had 13st. on his back, and the state of the going was all against heavy weights, whilst the useful Peter Melville, who was carrying 10st. 10lb., was also backed at sevens. The best of this lot turned out to be the five year old No, who finished third, with Ebor, who tired to nothing under his 13st. in the heavy ground, fourth.

As this race was only two miles, and the ground was terribly rotten, the form is probably not too reliable, and not worth thinking about in considering No and Victor's chances for their Liverpool engagements, though at the same time it is not easy to see what chance either of them can have on their book form.

On the second day of the meeting No was again beaten, this time by the moderate Worker, who was giving him 11lb. in the Bentinck Handicap Steeplechase. There was a good race for the Harrington Handicap Hurdle Race, in which the useful old Instep beat Willington by a head. As the five year old had beaten Swaledale, Kale, and Golden Ring at Manchester, it looks as if the winner is as good now as he was twelve months ago, whilst the form is still further enhanced by the fact that San Lucar, Phil Brown, and Nassac, were behind the pair.

The four year old Merry Carlisle, who has been running well over hurdles, made his *début* over fences in the Wollaton Steeplechase, in which, in spite of his slovenly jumping, his speed got him home in front of two moderate opponents, and with more practice he may be useful over a country some day.

There was nothing very remarkable about the one day's racing at Wolverhampton, on Thursday, except that Peter Melville won the Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase of two and a-half miles in a canter by twelve lengths. Ebor, giving 28lb., was second, and as there were thirteen others behind him, I was inclined to think the son of Peter and Amy Melville likely to train on into a smart chaser until he unfortunately broke his neck at Manchester four days later on.

The best racing of the week was that at Sandown Park, on Friday and Saturday. Willington suffered another defeat when Query (10st. 2lb.) and Tribune (11st.) finished in front of him for the Cardinal's Handicap Hurdle Race, but he was carrying 12st. 7lb., and he was in no way disgraced. He had two Grand National horses behind him in Swanshot (12st.), who started favourite, and Scampanio (12st. 7lb.)

The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase of three and a-half

miles brought out thirteen runners, of whom Bevil, Westmeath, Cloonflyn, Ford of Fyne, Redhill, Ballyohara, Seaport II., and Clawson, are all engaged in the Grand National. I wrote last week that if Westmeath could win this race he would have a great chance at Liverpool, and although he failed to give the weight away, he ran quite well enough to show that he will not disgrace himself at Aintree with 17lb. less on his back. Cloonflyn ran well for a long way, but Ford of Fyne and the favourite, Clawson, both did badly. Bevil, however, ran a good horse under his 12st 4lb., and would, I think, have won but for a blunder at the water the last time round; and as it was he suffered a three-lengths defeat from the five year old Cruiskeen II., to whom he was giving 29lb. The winner is a good-looking, long, low mare, and a beautiful jumper, but I think she was lucky to win, and the second ran quite well enough to show that he must have a great chance at Liverpool next month. He is a level, well-balanced horse by Sir Bevy's—Sister Louise, with plenty of bone and power, and a clean, hard, business-like look about him. He has only 10st. 9lb. in the Grand National, and whatever beats him will very nearly win.

On Saturday the improved Argonaut won the Burwood Steeplechase by a neck from the once useful Filbert, with another National candidate, Gameshot, third, and then eleven numbers went up for the Sandown Grand Prize. Among these were such clinking good timber-toppers as Knight of Rhodes (12st. 9lb.), Stop (12st. 2lb.), Dusky Queen and Quilon (11st. 3lb. each), and Athliath (10st. 11lb.), of whom I rather fancied the youngster. However, he broke down half a mile from home, and left Knight of Rhodes to finish two lengths in front of John O'Seaham (10st. 2lb.), with the game old Quilon close up third.

In what little Grand National betting there was, Strato-cracy, as I quite anticipated, was favourite, whilst The Soarer was nominally backed at 100 to 8, though after the running at Sandown Park on Friday last Bevil appears to hold Westmeath quite safe, and through him, The Soarer. Clawson, too, for whom I once had a fancy, was getting 7lb. from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's horse last week, whereas at Liverpool he will have to give 11lb., so that his chance now looks hopeless, whilst by the same reasoning Cloonflyn, Ford of Fyne, and Redhill may all just as well stay in their stables.

There is sure to be a good meeting at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday in this week, and we are likely to see some very interesting sport. Westmeath and Wild Man from Borneo are left in the Waterloo Handicap Steeplechase, but neither may be able to give the weight to Argonaut, who is in rare form now. The Hurst Park Selling Hurdle Race does look a good thing for Golden Ring. On Saturday we shall see a great race for the Saturday Steeplechase if Rory o' More, Nepcote, and Cathal all go to the post, which I hear they will, though I shall once more stand my old favourite Nepcote, if I hear he is at his best. UBIQUE.

TOM PINCH.

A TURF TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.—By EDWARD SPENCER.—Chap. II

THE paragraph concerning Tom Pinch was duly copied into all the other sporting papers. O'Rourke had no sooner obtained possession of the colt than he sent him to some quiet training quarters on the Berkshire downs, under the management of a young trainer whose increasing bodily avoirdupois had obliged him to give up race-riding in public. Sam Nursham, who had been put into his present tenement by an old patron, was only too pleased to add a unit to his limited string, and made as much of the new arrival as if he had been

a Derby favourite. Those were the days before William Day's standing 1000 to 15 dishes, when horses were backed long before the entries appeared, and bookmakers could even "get round" on the spring handicaps before the publication of the weights. Thank goodness, and the enterprise of newspaper proprietors, those good old times have passed away, never to return!

The exhaustive training reports published every day now forbid the "bonneting-up" of infirm horses, and even—(literally)—"dead 'uns," which in the fifties was a common practice.

Horses who are now confined to their stableyards cannot be kept in the market as well. The not very creditable boast of a former trainer that, although the favourite for the Two Thousand, who was under his care, had done no work whatever during the winter months, he had not receded a point in the quotations, is not likely to be repeated; nor is it at all probable that every animal in a big race, bar the winner, will be "made safe," as was done fifty years ago, notably in a memorable Chester Cup.

Tom Pinch thrived at Wellsleigh, under the care of the ex-jockey, as well as O'Rourke and Bird could wish, and his name appeared in due course amongst the entries for the spring handicaps. Still, not a solitary sovereign was invested upon him at first, and the betting agents, whose lists used to appear in *Bell's Life* and *The Era*, either ignored the horse altogether, or placed him amongst the "ragged lot," on the 200 to 1 mark! As usual, the astute trainer, Mr. Grimwood, patronised these handicaps extensively, entering Lord Neverbet's horses, and some belonging to other employers, including Montie Bird. Old Turniptops got in so well that the public at once fastened on him in the same way that they used to do on Tournament, Roman Candle Brown Holland, The Special, Mail Train, and others, and he soon became a 20 to 1 chance. Timour the Tartar, too, had nothing to complain of in the matter of weight, and Grimwood must have been puzzled how to make his way through such an embarrassment of riches.

The stable, however, suffered defeat at Lincoln and Northampton—the Great Northamptonshire Stakes was at that time a very heavy betting race—and it was evident that "something must be done to restore the fortunes," as a leader in the *Sporting Scorchers* had it, "of the ever-popular Masingham stable at the approaching Spring Meeting on the classic downs of Epsom."

"I suppose you wish to run Turniptops, sir, in the City?" enquired Grimwood, one afternoon, of his employer.

"Certainly," replied Bird. "What sort of chance d'you think he's got?"

"Second to none, sir, second to none. He has, I am convinced, come on considerably, with the careful handling I've given him; and I should be puzzled to know where to look for one to take his number down. Of course he is simply thrown in."

"H—m. I see they take a shortish price about Timour. His lordship backed him yet?"

"Mere trifle, sir, I believe. But the public won't be stalled off the 'hoops.'"

There was a large field (27) for the City and Suburban that year; and as O'Rourke accompanied his jockey from the weighing-room to the paddock, he encountered Montie Bird.

"They say it's all over this journey," observed the Irishman. "Timour, according to the men in the street, can't possibly lose. Within 7lb. of Turniptops ought to be good enough—didn't Grimwood tell you?"

"Not he. He seemed to think Turniptops was a long way better at the weights."

"Phew!" and the Irishman whistled softly and meaningly, as he drew the other on one side. "I hope you haven't got much on the old 'un Montie. Grimwood is a damned old rascal, and is evidently going for Timour. But, begorrah! as long as our little Tom doesn't get knocked off his legs, we have the City in our pockets, me boy! And Grimwood's horses may just as well stop in their stable."

There were a lot of false starts for the big race, but just as the dear old "Admiral" had descended from his coign of vantage, and called for a hack and a hunting-whip, that he might pop across and start 'em himself, the white flag fell. As they entered the furzes the bright "hoops" of Lord Neverbet were distinguished, being gradually borne to the front, and Timour the Tartar was leading a clear length at the mile post. The front division came down the hill in a cluster, Wimbledon in vain trying to wrest the lead from his lordship's horse, whom weight of money had made a raging hot favourite at the finish of the betting.

"What's that thing bang up in front of the outside, whose colours I don't seem to know?" asked Jack Spotham, of the *Sporting Scorchers*, as the dash around Tattenham Corner was made.

"Tom Pinch," muttered Harry Camberwell, a brother scribe, who was reading the race through his powerful glasses.

"The horse you told your readers had ended his turf career. Ha! ha!" added John Jones, another reporter.

But the situation was far too exciting for laughter.

"By Jove!" yelled Teddy Mostyn, of *Bell's*, "he'll as near win as may be, whoever he is!"

"Mine's coming," put in Grimwood, nudging him. "Didn't you see the boy take a steady at him? Your money's all right, no fear."

As they got level with the Bell the shouts were deafening; but after passing that landmark it became a one-horse race. In vain did little Richards call upon the favourite, and equally futile were the loud-sounding and well-directed cuts of George Moore's "flail." There was only one in it. Tom Pinch, with his tiny jockey's hands well down on the horse's withers, galloped past

the post a matter of three lengths in front of the hard-ridden Timour the Tartar. Flash Cove was third, with Kiss-me-Quick a bad fourth; and old Turniptops, running through a lot of horses who were being judiciously eased with an eye to future events, close up fifth. The time was not taken by anybody's chronometer, owing to the wealth of language which inadvertently escaped from the lips of the usually-silent Grimwood, and which quite startled the reporters.

However, that astute trainer was not long in recovering his equanimity.

"Pity you gave away that little horse, Mr. Bird," he observed to that worthy, after the winning jockey had been passed by the clerk of the scales.

"Think so?" was the cool reply.

"Yes. His lordship's horse ran a little better than I expected," continued the trainer; "but as it's turned out it's just as well you didn't back it. Lose much over Turniptops?"

"No," replied Montie, who had lighted a large cigar and was staring Grimwood full in the face. "I had only a pony or so on, but I was fortunate enough to be shares with Captain O'Rourke in his bets. Y'see, I didn't quite like to let a cast-off of mine run quite loose."

The trainer's face was a study.

"Indeed, sir. And did your friend back the winner for anything substantial?"

"Pretty well, thanks. The commission averaged fifties, to something like thirteen hundred."

"Then you've won over £30,000?"

"Ye-es—something like that. Pretty good stake, was it not?"

"Well, I'm —"

"No swearing in the reporters' room, please," said Harry Camberwell, holding a bumper of champagne high in the air.

Next day, at Grimwood's request, Montie Bird's horses joined Sam Nursham's string on the Berkshire downs; and thanks to the easy victory of Tom Pinch, Captain O'Rourke paid off the whole of the "old," lived on the fat of the land, and ran horses on the Turf for at least three consecutive seasons.

"What did I tell ye?" he observed to his friend, after the soup had been removed from the table that night at "Long's"—"Tis the Emerald Island that can always set the Saxon on his legs!"

ON THE GREEN.

WHEN the snow disappeared, and the frost was washed out of the ground, one began to hope that the golfer's life would be a happier one; but this was to reckon without the worms which, since the thaw began, have been romping all over the greens, and making putting impossible. On some greens it is permissible to remove the lumps of worm-casts sticking to the ball before putting, but there is much to be said against this.

At Cannes, and elsewhere, they remove the worms by watering the greens with an acid solution which brings the inhabitants of the surface to the ground, where they promptly expire, and are brushed up—this firm treatment clears the greens for at least six months.

But in spite of wet and lumpy greens there were plenty of monthly medal competitions last week, some of the winners of which are given below.

It seems to be quite a rare thing for "Bogey" to be beaten in any competition—Mr. G. B. Darley, of Burnham, Bucks, had the honour of being "all even" with his ghostly adversary; but in the many other competitions noticed during the week the winners were all several holes down. Does not this point to the fact that, as a general rule, "Bogey" is made a bit too good? Of course all concerned have an equal chance, but it is discouraging to be toiling along behind; a stern chase always takes it out of one.

The Marquis of Landsdowne's gold medal was played for by the members of the Calcutta Club early in January, and won by Mr. A. F. Winson, with a scratch score of 85. With their handicap allowances, no fewer than twenty-two returned cards under 100.

"Golf in Theory and Practice: Some Hints to Beginners," by H. S. C. Everard, is sure to be well worth reading—the author is "one who knows." At the same time, it is very difficult to learn anything worth learning from books where there is a question of hand and eye working together. Professionals, as a body, are better golfers than amateurs, and little they care for theory. A few rounds with a first-rate player would teach a beginner more than a library full of books, the swing being "a thing to be caught, not taught," as someone has already remarked. Mr. Everard indeed says as much himself.

At the forthcoming meeting to discuss arrangements for the amateur championship, it is understood that Mr. J. Cullen will move that the championship meeting shall be held alternately on three English and three Scottish greens, and in the following order: Westward Ho! Prestwick, Hoylake, St. Andrews, Sandwich and Muirfield.

That there should be three championship greens in England, since there are that number in Scotland, seems only fair, and at Westward Ho! one gets real golf, but it is rather out of the way.

Here are the results of some of the Monthly Competitions, which took place on Saturday last:—

Club.	Winner.	Score.
Aldeburgh	Mr G. H. Garrett	101—17=84
Brighton and Hove	Dr. Bruce Goff	78—2=80
Forfarshire	Mr. R. B. Sharp	82 sc.=82
Great Yarmouth	Mr. J. L. Cope	87—10=77
London Scottish	Mr. K. B. Brown	88—2=86
Royal Eastbourne	Mr. G. Cuming	91—5=86
Royal Liverpool	Mr. J. H. Wild	88—7=81
Seaton Carew	Mr. M. H. Hersley	98—8=90

TOWN TOPICS.

THOUGH there has been Nansen enough and to spare in town of late, an inspection of the Nansen Exhibition in the St. George's Gallery, Grafton Street, will well repay any visitor, for here numerous photographs and pen-and-ink sketches of Nansen, his ship and crew are to be seen. They give a wonderful insight into the life and occupation of the voyagers, for snapshots seem to have been taken by them at every conceivable moment, whether they were catching walrus, taking soundings, freeing their ship from the ice, or at rest in their cabin smoking, reading, supping, playing halma or chess, or listening to their leader's plans. But the most interesting of all the pictures are some studies in water-colours and pastel by Nansen himself. These represent different curious polar phenomena, and are the work of a true artist, and not merely the records of a man of science. They depict the curious luminous effect of light on the Arctic seas, the streamers of the Aurora, the wonderful purple and orange of the polar sunset and the peculiar greenish colour of the ice under the water, as well as the reflection on the masses of the ice above it. Hitherto the impression derived from photographs of the Arctic regions is that of a cold, white, dead expanse of land and ice, whereas these pictures reveal the existence of brilliant, atmospheric colouring which must be magnificently grand.

Over three thousand dogs, the largest number on record, were entered at the great annual show last week in the Agricultural Hall, and the incessant barking which came from this vast concourse of the canine creation was perfectly deafening. The occasional booming bark of the St. Bernard, "the deep-mouthed bloodhounds' heavy bay" as Scott has it, intermingled with the shrill yelp of the terrier, could only be compared to the distracting whirr of the machinery of an engine-room in full motion. The ground-floor of the building was given up to the accommodation of the larger and nobler species of the race, who seemed to make themselves quite comfortable and happy on their beds of straw; but the terriers and toy dogs were located in the gallery. Many of them were provided with down cushions, and were attended by their doting mistresses, who soothed their pets and ministered to their slightest wants. The Prince and Princess of Wales were amongst the exhibitors, and the former succeeded in carrying off the first prize for foreign dogs with "Perla," a Lapland sleigh dog, whose portrait recently appeared in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. There was a magnificent collection of St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes and Mastiffs, and some splendid specimens of Russian Wolfhounds; those of the latter class shown by the Duchess of Newcastle can, it is stated, only be excelled by the hounds belonging to the Imperial Family of Russia.

England has recovered from our American cousins the cup presented by Sir George Newnes for Chess Competition. This year the teams consisted of ten a side, the English representatives selecting the Prince's Hall at the Hotel Cecil as the place from which they would direct their moves, the Americans being located in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. All the telegraphic arrangements were worked by the Commercial Cable Company in New York. On Saturday many enthusiasts in London watched the struggle with the keenest interest, amongst them being a few members of the ladies' Chess Clubs. Some of the games were drawn, which counted half, the total result being—England five and a-half and America four and a-half.

A large bazaar was opened at the Kensington Town Hall by the Duchess of Albany on Monday last in aid of the Homes for Waifs and Strays. It was evidently a most popular charity, and the hall became so crowded that it soon became necessary to refuse any further admission till some of the first visitors had left the buildings. Some very appropriate speeches were made by General Lowry, C.B., chairman, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Mr. de M. Rudolph, secretary and founder of the Society, and her Royal Highness having declared the bazaar open brisk business set in. Amongst the stall-holders were the Dowager Countess De la Warr, Countess Grosvenor, Lady Dallas, Lady Hope, the Lady Emma Talbot, the Dowager Lady Westbury, Lady Wellesley, Lady Margaret Sackville, etc. Every variety of article was for sale, and amongst them were several novelties which have hardly as yet been seen in the London shops, some candle and electric light shades in the form of Arum lilies being especially attractive. A succession of entertainments consisting of concerts, dramatic and musical sketches, shadowgraph, skirt-dancing, and dolls' quadrille were given by eminent artists, who had kindly volunteered their services. On Tuesday the bazaar was opened by the Countess of Pembroke, and on Wednesday by the Dowager Countess De la Warr.

Changes of programme have lately been made at several of the London theatres. The pieces produced have been widely different in character, and will no doubt appeal to a very large circle of the playgoing public. "The Daughters of Babylon" at the Lyric is a very fine spectacular show, but not much else; "The Free Pardon" at the Olympic, which has been very much improved since the first night, is of the melodramatic type, but quite worth seeing; "Nelson's Enchantress" at the Avenue is disappointing, but this is the fault of the authoress and not of the actors. "My Friend the Prince" is by far the most satisfactory of all these new plays, and is acted with a lightness and vivacity which should recommend it to people who require a pleasant entertainment at the end of a hard day's work.

But the attention of the play-going public is just now more particularly rivetted on the Savoy, where a new opera has been in rehearsal for some time past, and is to be produced to-night. At the time of writing the title is not announced, but as the book originates from the halls of *Punch*, being by F. C. Burnand and R. C. Lehmann, it should at least be passable, even though it may not equal in delicacy the subtle satire of the great librettist of the palmy days of the Savoy, the incomparable W. S. Gilbert. The music is by Sir A. G. Mackenzie. It remains to be seen how far the production approaches the standard of "The Mikado," admittedly the greatest success of all the Gilbert-Sullivan collaborations.

Speaking of W. S. Gilbert recalls a story, which, if not one of Mr. Vero's, has at least emanated from his bosom friend, Mr. Benjamin Trovato. Some five-and-twenty years back a friend who had not met the author of "The Mikado" for several years ran across him in Piccadilly, and after a few words of greeting enquired if he was still writing plays. "Yes," was the reply given, with some fervour, "and I have just finished the very best work I have yet done. I have been years over it, and I think I have at last written a real good play." On enquiring the name the great dramatist's friend learned that it was called "Gretchen." "Anything else?" he then queried. "No," was the reply, "except a little rubbishy thing Sullivan has put some music to, just coming out at the Opera Comique." You never know your luck, "Gretchen," the labour of years, ran less than a week, while the little rubbishy thing—"H.M.S. Pinafore"—has been played all over the world, in all languages, tens of thousands of times.

The old adage, "Different people have different opinions," certainly finds verification in the accompanying criticism, which recently appeared in a New York paper:—"It is a tribute to the archaic simplicity of the English character and their susceptibility to the pretence of piety and the post card of Mr. Gladstone that such a melodrama should have been accepted as a poetic and religious work. 'The Sign of the Cross' is an actor's play, made up of shreds and patches. The torture scene is taken from 'La Tosca'; the rope scene from 'A Wife's Peril'; the prison scene from 'Lady Clancarty'; the conversion scene from 'Ingomar,' and so on. The familiar scenes and characters are toggled up in Roman style, and given the Spurious Dentatus and Hairoilius sort of names; but every theatre-goer can recognise them. The dialogue is composed of bits of Shakespeare, who did not live till centuries after Nero, and bits of Scripture that were not known in Rome during Nero's time; but it is mostly fustian and shoddy. There is no action; everybody talks about what has been done or is going to be done, but nobody does anything. The lions, the fires, the martyrdoms are all behind the scenery. The hero, written by Mr. Barrett for himself, is a mere braggart, who boasts of what he is going to do and never does it. His sudden embrace of Christianity—when he cannot embrace the heroine—in the last act, is funnier than any incident outside of a circus. Of course, his martyrdom is as false as his sentiment. Nero would never have allowed such a Marcus Superbus to burn; he would have kept him for the tame lions to play with. We find the morality of 'The Sign of the Cross' as bad as its dramatic construction. The play has alternate scenes of Christian fortitude and Roman debauchery, and is a nasty mixture of religion and lust, the Bible and the bagnio. Its moral, if it have a moral, is: Don't be a good girl, or you will be murdered. The weak thread of story is as old as A.D. 84. Mercia, a Christian girl, is persecuted by the attentions of Prefect Marcus. This arouses the jealousy of the mistresses of Marcus, and they persuade Nero to condemn her to death with the other Christians. Marcus pleads with Nero for her life, which is finally granted upon condition that she renounce Christianity. She refuses, and Marcus threatens to raise a revolution against Nero, but concludes that he had better die with Mercia. As a matter of fact, he could not have gone into the arena without Nero's permission; but what are facts in melodrama? We hear the organ played before it was invented, the Scriptures and Shakespeare quoted before they were written, and everybody is so glad to have Marcus killed that the historical impossibility of his deciding upon his own fate is forgotten."

Some people are so imbued with the necessity of educating the masses that they take steps to correct them whenever an opportunity occurs. A bus conductor whose vehicle was bound for the "Angel" at Islington, calling out the route in the customary leather-lunged manner, informed the passers-by that he was going by way of 'Ampstead Road. "You have dropped something," said a would-be instructive passenger, wishing to correct his pronunciation. "Never mind," said the conductor as he looked on the floor of the bus; "we can pick it up at the 'Hangel.'"

A LIGHT HAND.

I ALWAYS think that the sports of fishing and hunting have something analogous. A light hand! What is more necessary for the fox chaser? Without a light hand he is soon down at his fences, and the hounds streaming far, far away. Yet unless he is "to the manner born"—how difficult, aye, almost impossible it is to cultivate a light hand. I fancy the experience of most horsemen will coincide with my own when I say that in nine cases out of ten if one's horse comes a cropper it is for the lack of that light hand. Jump over the fence first; just watch the remainder of the field following; the first rider has a light hand, and his horse takes the obstacle in his stride and glides on—no reaching at the bridle, tossing of the head to relieve his mouth from the weight of the rider's hand, but perfect sympathy, and therefore perfect poetry of motion.

Watch the next. Just as his horse reaches the fence he spasmodically clutches his reins; but being weak-armed the horse, with a violent reach, just lands him on the other side. The next is not so fortunate. He is hanging on to his bridle like grim death, and by the time the horse is expected to jump has him in an iron grip. Crash! Down they come, the heavy-handed hero cursing the animal for not accomplishing an impossibility.

Again, why does a lady have so few falls? Because she has a light hand. And so with fly-fishing. Even as I myself have had more croppers in the hunting-field from that lack of a light hand, so by the river-side have I lost more fish from this cause than any other; and it is, to my mind, almost as difficult to cultivate the light fisherman's hand as it is the horseman's, for the rise of a good fish seems to cause an electric current to run from the fly to the angler's wrist, and every man with a highly-nervous temperament knows how difficult it is to control that current so as to strike with a light hand.

I well remember having a day on the Clyde for grayling, my cast as usual being four cross-drawn gut with a dry fly. The fish were on the move, and almost at the first cast a beauty rose. Whisk! Number one fly gone! Soon after another, fully two pound, took a red tag beautifully. Whisk! That tag was no more! Well, this occurred with no less than six good fish that day, although eventually I had what I did not deserve—a good basket. I put it down to nerves, although it was not a case of having dined too well the night before; therefore surely good nerves mean good hands. Until my disgraceful performance on the Clyde I had always fished with one finger on the reel line. Since that day I discarded this plan—except when salmon-fishing—and always strike from the reel, and to

those afflicted with highly-strung nerves I would most strongly recommend this plan, as it in a great measure creates a light hand. Now, at first blush, a tight line seems to imply a heavy hand, but it is not so; to become a really scientific fisher a light hand and a tight line must go together. Just as one always feels one's horse's mouth as he takes his fences, so one must feel a fish with a light though determined hand.

To hark back from striking, just think what a light hand means to one's casting. There is one "illigant" fresh from town, got up in irreproachable waders—patent reel (patent boots are at home, thank goodness). Now he pays out his patent line and makes a patent cast, for swish it comes into the water, making a patent tunnel all the way to the fly, which last of all touches the water. He would require some patent fish before he could fill that basket.

Just below him there is a small boy, one of the locals, with a rod of his own making, a fly of his own tying, reel and line from his meagre savings; BUT he has a light hand. Look at the gentle way he withdraws his fly from the water, and then the semi-circular sweep of his cast; the sudden staying of the rod when almost perpendicular, and then the gradual following of its point until the fly, and the fly only, alights on the water. Snick! he has him, and while "Patents" is ejaculating, "Haw! there are no fish at all in this watah," that stockingless boy is, with a light hand, continually demonstrating to the contrary and the advantage of a tight line. Happy boy! one envies your possessions more than haw! haw's!

These thoughts have a personal interest, for I am just off with all the aforesaid patents (except the boots), but without the haw! haw! to dear old Scotland, not the land of my birth, but the land of my late regiment, and the land through which run the most beautiful rivers in the world.

I squeeze into a growler and tell the cabby to hurry up, as there is only twenty-five minutes to get from Victoria to St. Pancras, and he growls "Ought to have started ten minutes sooner." How that horse crawled, to be sure, and what a day we were having, as we waded through the slush and mud of melted snow in a drizzling rain. Shall we ever get there? I sit watch in hand; train due out at 10.30; now 10.25. Shall we do it?—10.28—the smart porters are at the door and whisk off the luggage. I chuck the fare to the growler's growler, who is still muttering "ought to have started ten minutes sooner"—jump in the carriage, the door is banged, and the whistle blown at the same moment—one angry snort at my excitement, one scream, and we're off. After a very charming journey, with snow all around, I am landed on the banks of my favourite river—the Tweed. How fresh the air is—how pure, after London fog and gloom! and as I take my first stroll of the season by the riverside, and see the splash of rising sea trout, the fever is on me, and my one desire is for a light hand and a tight line.

CAPTAIN JACK.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the most fatal of literary blunders for any author or his executors to collect in the form of a book those articles and reviews which he has published in the daily or weekly press. "Occasional Papers," by the late Dean Church (Macmillan), are an illustration of the hundredth case; and they are such an illustration because their author never attacked a trivial subject and never went to his work in a perfunctory mood; moreover, he was a man who wrote with no common measure of elegance and force, a polished scholar and a profound thinker. His subjects were not ephemeral. "Carlyle's Cromwell," "Lecky's History of Morals," "Ignaticus Loyola," "Döllinger's Reunion of Christendom," "Mr. Gladstone on the Royal Supremacy," "The Author of Robert Elsmere on a New Reformation"—these are men and books and subjects of perennial interest; and Dr. Church was the man of his generation best qualified, not merely intellectually, but also by virtue of his experience and his associations, to treat them with a master's hand. To six papers in the second volume, all dealing with different phases of Cardinal Newman, particular attention may be devoted with profitable and pleasant results.

Let us touch a lighter string. In "Phroso" (Methuen), that whimsical genius Mr. Anthony Hope is once more at his best. Some short stories of his that have appeared lately (it does not follow that they have been written recently) have disappointed his warmest admirers, but it is pleasant to recognise in "Phroso" all the rich and playful fancy, all the vivacity of dialogue, all the luxuriance of imagination which were the true causes of the well-earned popularity of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The wonderful adventures of the wayward peer, who buys a Greek island in a moment of caprice, his reception by the islanders, the siege of the house by the said islanders under the leadership of Constantine Stefanopoulos (the last male of the race of the lords of the island), the murderous attacks made upon the intruder, are told in a manner which cannot fail to fascinate. It is, indeed, in the manner that the whole fascination consists. Subjected to the ordeal of cold analysis, the book absolutely overflows with weltering gore; there is enough and to spare of battle, murder and sudden death for half-a-dozen separate penny dreadfuls. But the bloodshed does not disgust; the murders do not startle; for the brilliancy of Mr. Hope's genius consists mainly in his power of compelling the reader to follow with breathless interest a story which is, on the face of it, a masterpiece of excellent fooling. From all this jesting grace and dexterous playfulness, from this prodigality of lively dialogue in which the spirit of true passion is none the less to be felt, emerges one figure superior in artistic quality to any previous

creation of Mr. Hope's mind. Phroso, the Lady Euphrosyne, is the most delightful girl conceivable. Many thousands of readers will feel that, in creating her, the novelist has deserved well of his generation and has added to his fame. The concluding pages of the story drag a little; like many a play, this novel might be curtailed with advantage.

In "The Little Regiment" (Heinemann), and other stories, of which no mention is made on the outer cover, Mr. Stephen Crane displays again his marvellous power of describing not merely war, with its horrors and its humours—for it has humours, else would men surely go mad on active service—but also the feelings of the men who fight. The peg, so to speak, on which the stories are hung, is his American Civil War; the plot of each little tale is slight enough; but it suffices, and is indicated with easy skill. The assumed indifference of two brothers and the depth of their real affection; the anxiety of a Southern girl on behalf of a fugitive, and a night attack; a foolhardy rush for water across a meadow torn by rifle and artillery fire—these are examples of Mr. Crane's themes. His great power lies in his complete understanding of all sides of the spirit of warfare, and in his complete mastery of the art of making others see and feel that which he seems to have seen and to have felt. It is, we believe, the fact that Mr. Crane has had experience in descriptive journalism, a branch of writing much despised by those who have never tried their hands at it; the result is that his descriptions cut themselves upon the mind in clear lines. Here is one example: "A lieutenant of battery rode down and passed them, holding his right arm carefully in his left hand. And it was as if this arm was not at all a part of him but belonged to another man." Of such instantaneous photographs in words the book contains a hundred examples. It is, in a word, a strong book and a true; a book which enables one to appreciate fascination of battle as well as its horrors, to understand how the man who has once passed through those heartrending scenes is none the less filled with consuming desire to take his part in them again when occasion comes.

Mr. R. Le Gallienne and his publisher no doubt understand their own business and, if "The Quest of the Golden Girl" (John Lane) was published in America before it was issued in London, there was good reason for it. But we in England are entitled to our honest grumble that our pleasure in this idyllic romance should have been postponed. For although it is impossible for a sober-minded Englishman to "enthuse," as the Americans have enthused, concerning Mr. Le Gallienne's latest piece of literature, or to quote of it the lines

"This is the golden book of spirit and sense,
The Holy Writ of Beauty,"

there is still no room for doubt that it makes delightful reading. Mr. Le Gallienne has borrowed much of his method from Lawrence Sterne, and his digressions are no less pleasing and a great deal more wholesome than those of his great model. It is impossible to rise from a perusal of the volume without feeling that our author has a pretty wit, considerable knowledge of miscellaneous literature, an appreciation of Botticelli (which is, of course, a truly great possession), and power of recognising humour in that which is obvious. The pity of it is that we feel also that there was a deliberate intention of compelling this confession on the part of the critic.

Mr. G. S. Street really writes for a select circle of appreciative souls, to whom his cynical criticism of things as they strike him, and his ready perception of the paradoxical oddity of things, are entirely delightful. In that esoteric circle his novel "The Wise and the Wayward" (Lane) is highly valued, and in it he shows, beyond question, a cynicism which is by no means cheap but precious, and a fine power of satirical character-drawing. But the whole story is a little thin, a trifle lacking in robust and manly quality. It suggests to us an author whose lines have fallen in places too pleasant for the health of his character, who has never known what it is to have a good stand-up fight against man or fortune. But his book is undeniably clever.

Maurus Jokai's "The Green Book" (Jarrold), translated by Mrs. Waugh, is a horse of quite another colour. We take a hard view of these foreign novelists on the ground that the English reader who seeks for entertainment will not consent to make allowances for foreign oddities, and will judge your Jokai, your Tolstoi, or whom you will, by the impression which the translated novel makes upon his mind, and by that only. Judged by that standard, "The Green Book" must succeed. It will live; nay, it may even attract the same attention as did "Timar's Two Worlds," for Jokai is not simply a man of the hour or the day: statesman, journalist and prose-poet, he is Great.

Books that must by no means be neglected are "The Borderers," by Adam Lilburn (Smith Elder) and "Tale's Poems" (John Lane), which contain some delicate verse. Miss Dora Chesney's "Miriam Cromwell, Royalist" (Blackwood) is also a book quite worthy of note, for it deals with the most picturesque and tragical period of English history, and the *motif*, the conception of the Protector's kinswoman as the devoted admirer of Charles I., is distinctly piquant. Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Babe" (Putnam) is an amusing sketch, half-affected and half-serious, of Cambridge life.

Among forthcoming books, at the moment of writing, Nansen's is still included; and we heartily hope that Messrs. Constable, who have had every kind of misfortune to encounter, will reap the reward which they merit. It was held a great thing when Macaulay received a cheque for £10,000 for the History. Messrs. Constable, we understand, had to pay £10,000 in advance. Olive Schreiner's "Trooper Halket of Mashonaland" (Unwin) is to be published at once, and, although it has no connection with the Jameson Raid, it cannot be said to be other than timely in its appearance at a moment when South African affairs are very much to the fore. "Letters from Constantinople," by Mrs. Max Müller (Longmans) are almost sure to be interesting, and, among biographies, Rear-admiral Fitzgerald's "The Life of Admiral Tryon" should be looked out for. Among the young men of the day Mr. Edwin Pugh ranks high, and his "Man of Straw" (Heinemann) is expected to appear forthwith.

Books to order from the library, in addition to those already mentioned, are:—

- "Letters from the Sudan." E. F. Knight. (Macmillan.)
- "Beau Austin." W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. (Macmillan.)
- "Life the Accuser." E. F. Brooke. (Heinemann.)
- "A Pinchbeck Goddess." Mrs. Fleming (Miss Kipling). (Heinemann.)
- "The Defence of the Empire." Selection from letters, speeches, &c. of the late Lord Carnarvon. (Murray.)
- "The Navy and the Nation." J. R. Thursfield and Lieut.-Colonel Sir G. S. Clarke. (Murray.)
- "Colour-Sergeant, No. 1 Company." Mrs. de Courcy Laflin (Mrs. Leith Adams). (Jarrold.)
- "Harper of Sherborne." L. V. Lester. (Longmans.)

Notes from my Diary

by mane. Sans-Gêne.

MONDAY: It is a dull, wet day, and I am desperately bored by the immediate companions of my hearth and home. I have no reasonable occupation, and so to prove the popular fallacy that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, I shall commence to keep a diary.

A diary has always occurred to me as a convenient shelter for a woman's best deceptions. No woman who ever lived—and loved—ever wrote what she really meant in her diary, for which, no doubt, her descendants should offer many thanks. The private record of the private thoughts of a really nice woman of sober, sensible, moderate habits, and no yearnings after the clothes she cannot afford to buy, the man she must not adore, and the pastimes in which she has no opportunity of indulging, would be dreary dull.

I shall write my diary avowedly for print, and the troubles of Japhet in search of a father will doubtless sink into insignificance beside mine in search of a publisher. I shall write, write, write, and chronicle the fact first and foremost that I am tired of the oaken hall of my ancestors, with that broad sweep of



CLOTH-KILTED SKIRT AND IRISH LACE BOLERO.



BISCUIT-COLOURED GOWN EMBROIDERED WITH JET.

velvet carpeted stair down which heroines of fiction invariably walk in white satin. I take but the slightest pleasure in the armour of my dead and gone forefathers, and there is no hunting to-day.

My favourite girl friend has been weak enough to become engaged to a neighbouring squire, and they insist upon sitting in the library exchanging confidences as to their specialties in sentiment. I know that the squire is declaring there is no love in the market like his. It is a popular fallacy of every man to imagine that he is the best lover of his century.

I have already spent two hours doing my hair in the latest French fashion, under which circumstances I do not think I look my best, but still I feel I have done my duty. The latest French fashion is perfectly certain to become the latest English fashion, and I shall always have the courage of my prophecies, haunted by no fear that I can possibly be wrong. In order to successfully attain the desirable in hair-dressing you must be prepared to endure a certain amount of arm-ache and to look rather plain; but who

would not sooner suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fashion than take arms against a sea of novelty, and, by opposing, end all claim to being termed "smart."

I am now prepared to face the luncheon party, and hear their unkind comments on the results of my morning labours.

TUESDAY: I have confided to everybody in the house the supreme secret that I am keeping a diary, and an unsympathetic brother has replied, "And the best thing you can do is to keep it—to yourself." But the radiant *fiancée* is most sympathetic, as she is under the profound impression, poor little woman, that I am devoting it entirely to a real, true and particular account of how she wooed and won him. She has just been in here, sitting on my bed—I detest people who sit on my bed, I would sooner almost that they selected my favourite chair; and the emphatic young woman who is in love is so absorbed in her topic that she is apt to put her foot through your lace quilt in an unconscious moment. Nellie exhausted the virtues of the only man in the world in about ten minutes, and proceeded to discuss the even more exciting virtues of the new evening dress in which she proposes to celebrate the auspicious occasion.

"It's well to be off with the old love before you're on with the new clothes," I suggested mischievously, in remembrance of Nellie's latest sentimental interlude, which was not with the squire of the neighbouring demesne. And then we discussed the rival merits of net frocks and satin gowns. Net frocks are beautiful, chiffon frocks are even more beautiful, and satin dresses have the questionable advantage of wearing better than either. The last thing I want in any of my own clothes is longevity. I like them to be here to day in their freshness and gone to-morrow into the *ewigkeit*.

Nellie's new frock shall be made of chiffon, with an accordion-kilted skirt traced with tiny sequins from waist to hem; it shall be in pale rose pink, and the bolice shall be also traced with the sequins, and it ought to have double collars made of two shades of rose pink, fastened with a bunch of pink roses in the front. These pink roses can be supplied by the adorer—girls who are in love always wear real flowers; it is a great mistake, they stain the clothes, and artificial ones are much more amenable to expert manipulation, and as the authorities now scent these they have superior charms.

However, if a woman is in love and engaged, it is a *sine qua non* to the position that she should wear real flowers and disregard the stains they make on her clothes, or the fact that at the end of the evening they present a brown, shrivelled appearance, and have an indiscreet tendency to show their sawdust—I mean their wire supports. Nellie says I am no poet, and I think Nellie is right.

I could not persuade her away from the all-absorbing subject of herself. She has already mentally got as far as the drawing-room carpets, and is worrying herself with the problem of whether the French maid or the English one be more becoming.

There can be no possible doubt that every woman should have a French maid—there is no use in an English one. Directly the vista of abroad opens itself before us the English becomes merely an incubus, out-of-place, awkward, and incapable, too ill to move; while the French one, or the Swiss, will coquette with the railway porter, to the ultimate advantage of her mistress's belongings, and will pack and unpack with an absence of fuss invariably the principal characteristic of the British-born body-servant.

THURSDAY: Actually there was a glimpse of sunshine this morning, and we have celebrated it by a six-mile bicycle ride through the mud and back again, and since coming home we have all decided on the superior attractions of the billiard-room. No woman can play billiards really well, which is a pity, as it is a game which involves a nice precision of touch and a keen eye, and we ought to be adepts, "but we ain't," as some other gentleman observed who had no regard for the best principles of grammar.

The boys have a theory that we should be expert billiard players down here if we did not drink so much tea. This is a contention which won't hold water. I am quite convinced if only I had a little luck, and they did not handicap me by giving me 50 out of every 100, which is at once a disgrace heralding approaching defeat, I should be the most successful player of the century.

And now here is my hot water, and I cannot write any more. I shall appear at dinner in severe black velvet, an ancient retainer amongst my possessions with whose services I could well dispense. Black velvet has a habit, never to be sufficiently deplored, of lasting for ever.

"It is not at all suitable to young girls," so my mother observed, and observing gave it to me for my undoing. I shall undo it, too, and make it into a skating skirt, and supply it with a bodice of pale yellow Irish lace, lined with lisse and a bolero of velvet with revers of Irish lace. Boleros which reach but to the waist, set not tightly to the figure, are amongst the fashions of the hour, which please me very much.

And now to answer that tocsin of my soul—the dinner-bell!



ENGLISH SPRING MILLINERY.